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# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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PEDESTRIANS BEING STRICKEN DOWN IN FRONT OF THE ST. LOUIS "TIMES" BUILDING.



FROSTRATED WORKMEN AT THE PINE STREET LEVEE BEING REMOVED BY THEIR FRIENDS.



OFFICERS BRINGING VICTIMS OF SUNSTROKE TO THE CITY DISPENSARY FOR MEDICAL TREATMENT.



CITIZENS SEEKING, AT THE MORGUE, TO IDENTIFY THE VICTIMS OF THE HEAT.



THE HORSES OF UNDERTAKER COFFEE FALLING DEAD WHILE EN ROUTE TO THE CEMETERY.

MISSOURI.—THE GREAT HEAT-WAVE OF JULY 11TH—20TH.—INCIDENTS OF ITS FATAL EFFECTS IN ST. LOUIS.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 372.

FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,  
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FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.  
NEW YORK, AUGUST 3, 1878.

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## THE INDIAN PROBLEM.

THE Indian problem is again forced upon the reluctant attention of the country by the military bulletins which almost daily announce to us that the tribes whom we have been feeding during the Winter have entered upon the war-path for the Summer. Nothing, perhaps, in this whole problem is more fitted to excite the surprise of thoughtful minds than the apathy of the public in the presence of a question so far-reaching in its political and economical relations, and, in some of its moral aspects, so tremendous. Nearly the entire available army of the United States is now embroiled in this hazardous warfare—a warfare stripped of all "pomp and circumstance," while at the same time fraught with a double portion of the hardships and privations incident to active duty in the field. The exactions laid upon the Treasury by a general Indian war are to be counted only by millions of dollars; and in a humanitarian point of view it is certainly no light thing for a Christian nation to be engaged in an exterminating war against the aboriginal population whom it has for ages treated as its stepchildren, and between whom and itself the relation of wards and guardians has been established by the decree of Providence.

That there is something radically wrong in the relations now existing between the Government and the Indian tribes is too apparent to call for demonstration. That evils so great cannot exist without laying a burden of heavy responsibility on the American people and their rulers is also a fact which must be admitted with fear and trembling by all who realize that we live in a world which is governed by moral forces, and that these moral forces are as irreversible in their retributions as the laws of the physical universe.

The late President Lincoln did not think that he was "considering too curiously" when he supposed himself to see in the horrors and losses of our late Civil War an avenging Nemesis for every sigh of the slave groaning under the national tolerance of slavery; and if there be this inexorable logic which links transgression and penalty in indissoluble union, who can fail to see the working of the same eternal law in the present aspects of the Indian problem, and who can fail to augur a still heavier doom in the future for the accumulated wrongdoing and neglect which we are daily laying at the door of the nation?

It is a most suggestive fact that in recent narratives, giving an account of the late Indian uprisings, the telegraph has on the same day sometimes brought us the bulletin of an Indian battle and of a fraud discovered in the transactions of some Government official at an Indian agency. We have the authority of Bishop Whipple for the statement that there has been no Indian war of which he has any knowledge that has not originated in a violation of treaty stipulations or other aggression on the part of the whites. In this respect the conduct of our Government has been inexplicable in its inconsistency. We have recognized the manhood and the separate independence of the Indian tribes for the purpose of entering into solemn league and covenant with them, and then we have proceeded to act towards them as if they were *ferae naturae*, made to be hunted and killed whenever the wants of the civilized man called for the lands and reservations which had been ceded to them. And with this chronic truce-breaking we have combined a strange medley of alms-giving which has redounded more to the emolument of the thievish agents who have some-

times disbursed the dole of the Government than to the nurture of the forlorn waifs and estrays who were meant to be the recipients of the national bounty.

Under the Administration of President Grant an honest effort was made to reform the Indian service by assigning a number of the tribes to the tutelage of the leading Christian denominations, who severally became responsible for their watch-care under the auspices of the Government. We believe that this effort was initiated with the best intentions, and if it has not accomplished all the good that was to be expected from it, the reason must be sought in the difficulty of finding the human instruments who were worthy of the beneficent policy they were appointed to administer.

Now that this whole subject has been referred to the deliberations of a Commission who will consider it in all its manifold and complex relations, and especially in its relations to the custodians, whether civil or military, who shall be charged with the management of the still savage tribes, we beg leave especially to renew a suggestion which has been already made by an intelligent student of the "Indian problem." We refer to General Lawrence, who, on scientific and historical grounds, has expressed the opinion that the savage can be best reclaimed from barbarism, not by seeking at once to naturalize him in all the institutes of our advanced civilization, but by first passing him through the intermediate stages of pastoral life. If he were made to depend for the means of his subsistence on the pasturage and care of cattle, he might be slowly emancipated from the habits of his nomadic life, and thus gradually prepared for the next ascending steps in the scale of an advancing civilization. The hereditary evils of a long barbarism have incapacitated him for an immediate participation in the white man's culture of the nineteenth century. He shows, indeed, an aptitude for all its vices, but from its graces and virtues, the fruit of long training even in the Caucasian, he turns away with a natural and instinctive repulsion. The childhood of races, like the childhood of individuals, must be trained to manhood according to the laws of nature, and not in contempt of the lessons taught by the whole history of civilization.

## THE POLITICAL OUTLOOK.

PRESENT indications do not afford much ground for encouragement that the political movements of the Autumn will be conformed to higher conditions than have hitherto existed. The conventions held during the present year have enunciated nothing but the dreariest platitudes, both parties angling vigorously for votes, but neither committing itself to a declaration of high and essential principles. Upon the financial question, for instance, which must be for some time to come the vital question of our politics, reaching down to the very foundation of things, every Western convention so far held has, with one exception, declared in favor of a debased currency and demanded a monetary policy flatly contravening all the principles of sound finance. Some of these conventions, in their eagerness and lust for power, have even bowed the knee to the Baal of Communism, giving either implied or direct recognition to the claims of a faction which is in the main controlled by anarchists and social destructives. Here and there a Republican convention, forgetting apparently that the last gun of our terrible civil war was fired fourteen years ago, and that to-day the ghastliest fields of that war are smiling with the harvests of peace, has appealed to old animosities and sought to clothe with living flesh the skeletons of dead issues—to revive, in a word, the exasperations of faction and of section, and so sweep to power upon a tide of passion and hate. Nowhere has there been a clear, outspoken, unequivocal declaration in favor of the reform of the public service, of the purification of the sources and elevation of the standards of legislation, of the adjustment upon a rational basis of the relations between labor and capital, and the extinction of all movements whatever tending violently to array one against the other, and so destroy the just equilibrium of industrial and social forces and interests. Nowhere has there been lifted up a standard of hostility to the schemes of the great corporations for absorbing the national domain and depleting the national purse, to the detriment of all taxpayers and to the serious prejudice, especially, of the great middle class of our population, who are peculiarly affected by colossal combinations such as are now monopolizing the territory and production of the country.

In no State has either party committed itself squarely and sincerely to the doctrine of retrenchment in expenditures—municipal, State and national. Every convention has, indeed, made a pretense of favoring economy, but in no case, testing the profession by habitual practice, has it been anything better than pretense, and that of the hollowest sort. There has not been anywhere, or from either party, dur-

ing the present season, a manly, courageous forward step out of old entanglements and the *débris* of past contentions, into the broader and better sphere of patriotic sympathy with the best ideas and the highest national needs.

In the face of this uniform indifference of the politicians to the demands of real and living questions, and their persistent attempts to popularize secondary issues, it is not to be wondered at that the signs of party disintegration are multiplying, and that the people are drifting into new political formations. Neither of the two great parties of the country will be able to fight the battles of the future upon precisely the conditions of the past. Thousands and tens of thousands of voters who have marched with them in other years will follow their standards no more. Both the logic of events and individual convictions are thus impelling thoughtful and conscientious men of the non-partisan class to seek new relations. They may not found new national parties, nor entirely destroy existing organizations, but they will exercise a vast conservative influence over both. In localities they will do more, and achieve positive reforms in the elimination of the pernicious influences which have so long debauched political life. In the break-up and loosening of party ties, doubtless untoward results will in some cases accrue; the so-called "National," or communistic element will probably, in some States, achieve temporary advantages; but this will be a necessary incident of the transition period, and the experience will not be without its value as helping, perhaps, to reveal more clearly the real perils of this agrarian tendency; and so arousing the conservative sentiment of the country to more vigorous expression and more positive action in behalf of the safeguards of public order. In the long run, and taking our politics as a whole, good, rather than harm, must follow from the popular awakening as to the falsity and insincerity of parties which is now in progress; but it is none the less humiliating that these parties—on the one hand the Republican, with its grand record of service in behalf of liberty and the rights of man, and on the other the Democratic, which for nearly half a century so largely controlled the policy and directed the destinies of the country—should appeal for success to the passions and prejudices, rather than to the intelligence, the patriotism and the virtue of the people.

## AFTER THE TREATY.

THE Berlin Treaty was signed on the 13th of July. Had the 13th fallen on a Friday, and not on a Saturday, the superstitious would have been even readier than they are now to regard unlucky "13" as ominous, and to prognosticate that the Congress of Berlin may not be followed, like the Congress of Westphalia and the Congress of Vienna, by long-continued levels of unbroken peace. Nevertheless, peace hath her victories more glorious than those of war, and there are many reasons to hope that, although every treaty is said to contain the germs of a war, this Berlin Treaty may prove, for years to come, a happy exception to the rule. The departure of the plenipotentiaries from Berlin was speedy after the expiration of the single month during which they had quickly dispatched a vast amount of business. Doubtless a good deal of the business was cut and dried beforehand. And the fact that Lord Beaconsfield entered the Congress with a treaty with Russia in one pocket and a treaty with Turkey in another, wonderfully hastened matters. It is very easy, after all is over and ended, to denounce as trickery Lord Beaconsfield's diplomacy. But European diplomacy is a deep and subtle game, as it always has been, and the British Premier would have been weak indeed to have shown his hand before he was ready to win by honors. Only correspondents and editors of American newspapers are conspicuous in accusing Lord Beaconsfield of trickery, and it was not for their special amusement that he sat down to the game at the famous horseshoe table in the Radziwill Palace. It is easy, also, to say that all that the Berlin Congress has achieved might have been attained without the enormous sacrifices of the Crimean war and of the late Russo-Turkish war. But this may be said of all wars. They all end with a compromise that might have been made beforehand, perhaps more advantageously, if the parties concerned were but wise enough, or if the requisite "fullness of time" for it had come. The proof that this had not come in the case under consideration is the unquestionable fact that the two wars took place before it came.

The unprecedented reception of Lord Beaconsfield on his return to England possesses an individual interest which makes him the central and foremost figure in British public life, and almost causes the grand national and international objects which he has lately accomplished to be lost sight of in the splendor of a personal triumph. It really is a dazzling episode in

the extraordinary career of Benjamin Disraeli. And while even his most radical opponents are willing to suspend judgment as to his proceedings at the Berlin Congress, the spontaneous feeling of the majority of Her Majesty's subjects is manifested to the effect that the Earl of Beaconsfield is entitled to any distinction with which he may be rewarded by the Queen of England, who owes to him her title of Empress of India. Whether he be made Duke of Cyprus, or, more appropriately, Duke of India, the British people will be satisfied that he has well earned such marks of royal favor. All accounts agree that Lord Beaconsfield was welcomed in London, on the 16th ult., with great popular enthusiasm. On the 20th ult. he went to Osborne, where he was received by Her Majesty.

The great speech of the British Premier, on the night of the 18th ult., in the House of Lords, was at once telegraphed all over the world. It was a masterly defense of the course of the English plenipotentiaries at Berlin, and a complete and authoritative exposition of the work of the Congress. Barring the questionable taste of allusion in it to the temptation of Jesus in the wilderness by Satan, it was admirable throughout. Even that dubious allusion he had a strong provocation to introduce as a historical pendant to the picture which Daniel O'Connell, or, perhaps, Sir Robert Peel, long ago, in the House of Commons, gave of Disraeli. And now the figure of Christ himself is audaciously substituted for that of the impenitent thief at his side. It will be difficult for prejudiced critics to see Lord Beaconsfield's nice distinction between the partition and the redistribution of Turkey, but there is a real difference between them; and his statement that every great war is followed by a redistribution of territory is true. His declaration that he had particularly considered the susceptibilities of France, to whom England was bound by daily increasing friendship, and had avoided Syria and Egypt because of the sentimental traditional interests of France, must have soothed any French irritation remaining after the full and satisfactory explanation of the French Premier, M. Waddington, at Paris. The susceptibilities of the other Powers, whose interests were involved in the Berlin treaty, were treated with similar delicacy. But the finest stroke of genius, the most striking proof of far-seeing diplomacy, in the whole speech, is to be found in this profoundly true sentence: "Asia is large enough for both Russia and England." And future British policy was indicated by the announcement at the close of the speech that the British Government's operations were in the interests of peace and civilization; and that they did not mainly rely on fleets and armies, however great, but on the consciousness that the British Empire was one of liberty and justice.

Lord Beaconsfield's speech was followed by a sharp passage-at-arms between Lord Salisbury and Lord Derby. The latter seems to have peculiar notions as to the revelation of Cabinet secrets. The Liberals, through Lord Huntington, have intimated their wish to have Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury tell the Commons a still further story of the actual state of Eastern affairs. It is not impossible that the Premier will yet have to appeal to the country, and then there will be exciting elections to be watched in England, as well as in Germany, and in Austria-Hungary. Fifty meetings have been held in favor of the annexation of Southern Tyrol to Italy. The Turkish plenipotentiaries are raising difficulties in Vienna as to the Austrian occupation of the Turkish provinces. Sir Garnet Wollesley has sailed from Malta to assume his new post as Governor of Cyprus, and preparations are on foot to convert that island, which is about as large as Long Island, into a mine of wealth for England, no less than a highly important strategic point on the route to her Indian possessions.

## OPTICAL EDUCATION.

SOME months ago Dr. Edward Seguin laid before the Academy of Sciences a plan for utilizing the public parks of this city for purposes of optical education. His idea is to establish garden-schools like those which existed among the ancients, and which contributed so largely to the development, especially, of Greek science and philosophy. It is known to every one familiar with ancient literature that the garden schools of Athens were at one time gardens of acclimatization, and centres for the study of comparative anatomy and physiology. In later times the garden-schools of European cities have given an immense impulse to natural history studies. Dr. Seguin's plan looks to the introduction here of garden-schools, modeled after the best of those in Europe, paying particular attention to the acclimatization of foreign trees and plants beneficial to public hygiene, and the better instruction of the pupils in our public schools in natural history. To further the latter purpose he would have each of the public squares adorned with

special kinds of plants, succeeding each other as the season advances, and presenting a tolerably complete cycle of floral botany under a classification obvious to the eye. He would appropriate tracts to the comparative vegetation of the North, South and West, and to the comparison, by strongly marked specimens, of plants native to different parts of the globe. Trees, plants and vines, which furnish articles of food and drink, or the materials for woven fabrics, he would have planted in such juxtaposition that they can be studied together. Medicinal and poison-yielding plants, classified according to their properties, he would place in such relation to each other as to transform them into educational agencies. Flowers, plants and trees adapted to house or landscape decoration, or to furnish model leaves, tendrils or twigs to designers in the industrial arts, should be so grouped as to admit of study with the least possible trouble.

The scheme here outlined has the cordial approval of the Academy of Sciences, and it is understood that at the next session of the Legislature a strong effort will be made by scientific men of the first standing to secure a statutory sanction of the enterprise. It is certainly true that comparatively little has as yet been done in this country to promote, in a public way, the methods of aesthetic culture, and there can be no doubt that the institution of schools like those proposed would be attended with beneficent results. But whether, in times like the present, the authorities would feel justified in expending public moneys in furtherance of the plan, may perhaps be doubted. There are so many other objects, which are properly the care of the State, demanding attention and encouragement, that purely technical enterprises must, for a while, necessarily stand aside. But what the commonwealth may not do, individuals may do, and our men of wealth could not erect for themselves more lasting memorials than by establishing in two or three of our parks garden schools like those at Brussels, Edinburgh, Kew, or Pisa. A beginning would cost comparatively little—not more than any one of our millionaires could afford to give—and with the idea once fairly and practically initiated, patrons would no doubt arise whose contributions would carry on the work to complete success. The subject is one of more than local or transient interest, and we hope to see it agitated thoroughly and intelligently to the end that whatever possibilities of popular culture it may embody may be at the earliest moment realized.

**STABILITY**, and the prosperity which results from a sense of security, follow the British flag. A cable dispatch announces that the value of house property at Beyrouth and other Syrian villages has already risen greatly in consequence of the English occupation of Cyprus. If the rule of the Turk could be entirely obliterated in the East, its present desolation would speedily be succeeded by evidences of universal thrift and comfort.

We are a bibulous people. Statistics furnished by the Commissioner of Internal Revenue show that during the year 1877 nearly 59,000,000 gallons of spirits, 9,902,353 barrels of ale, beer and porter, and 5,723,000 gallons of imported wines, were manufactured and withdrawn for consumption in the country at large. The number of liquor-dealers who paid tax was 166,000, and it is estimated that the amount of money annually expended in the United States by consumers is nearly \$596,000,000. This is at the rate of about fifteen dollars to every man, woman and child in the country.

LESS than twenty years ago, Stephen A. Douglass was one of the conspicuous figures in American public life and the idol of a vast constituency in every Northern State. On the 17th of July a monument to his memory, erected at Chicago, was unveiled, and less than a thousand persons honored the occasion by their presence. The years in passing cover our choicest idols with eclipses, and it is only principles and moral worth that survive the tests of time, building themselves into the polities of States and the civilization of the world. What a pity that the politicians of the country cannot persuade themselves into conforming their lives to this fact.

**GOVERNOR HAMPTON** of South Carolina has given public notice that all persons who have been charged with offenses under the Ku Klux law may now return to the State, without fear of prosecution, upon the single condition that they will hereafter obey the laws as good and upright citizens. He is also endeavoring to secure a general amnesty for the illicit distillers of the State, and several have already returned from their wanderings in other States, and entered into stipulations to stop their unlawful work. This, as it seems to us, is

stretching the quality of mercy to the utmost possibility of expansion; but if the offenders, who are thus admitted to the enjoyment of privileges they have forfeited, shall hereafter honestly abide by their engagements, and vigorously support the State authorities in their attempt to put an end to organized violence and wrongdoing, perhaps the result will justify the extreme and unusual methods of conciliation employed.

IT is a gratifying indication of the growth of a healthier tone in Southern politics, that the independent course of Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, in opposing the policy of his party on several important matters during the late session of Congress, is meeting the cordial approval of his constituents. The party leaders, with characteristic insolence, undertook to brand Mr. Stephens as an outlaw and deserter because of his opposition to the Potter investigation, and went to work vigorously all over his district to prevent his renomination and election; but recent letters state that, having appealed to the people in speeches notable for their independence and courage, his re-election by an overwhelming majority is beyond all question. It is desirable on every account that the autocratic domination heretofore exercised by the leaders of both parties, in the South and North alike, should be broken, and Mr. Stephens will do the country a genuine service by opening the way for real independence of action on the part of voters as to all questions of national concern.

AN important Southern business movement has just been initiated in New Orleans by leading citizens representing the Chamber of Commerce, Cotton Exchange and Municipality. The movement looks to the holding in that city, on the 9th of November next, of a great national and international commercial and river convention, at which representatives are to be invited from all cities and towns interested in the extension and development of the export trade of the country, the establishment of steamship lines, improvement of the navigation of the Mississippi River and its tributaries, and the construction of a Southern Pacific Railroad. The South American States and Mexico will be invited to send delegates. Such a convention, if wisely directed and confined legitimately to the topics suggested, cannot fail to give a decided impetus to enterprises having a most intimate relation to the development of the national prosperity. There is always danger, however, that movements of this kind will be captured by the friends of selfish and local interests, and this in the present instance should be carefully guarded against.

THE famine in China will rank in history as one of the most fearful calamities of modern times. It extends over a country variously estimated at from 75,000 to 100,000 square miles, and the Chinese papers put the number of victims at the frightful total of 5,000,000. An official paper, describing the famine, says: "The lower classes were the first to be affected, and they soon disappeared or dispersed in search of subsistence elsewhere. Now the famine has attacked the well-to-do and the wealthy, who find themselves reduced to greater misery as each day goes by, and they, in their turn, are dying off or following those who have migrated elsewhere. In the earlier period of distress, the living fed upon the bodies of the dead; next, the strong devoured the weak; and now the general destitution has arrived at such a climax that men devour those of their own flesh and blood. History contains no record of so terrible and distressing a state of things, and if prompt measures of relief are not instituted the whole region must become depopulated. Local sources of supply are entirely exhausted; the granaries are empty, and the treasury drained dry; while the few wealthy people in the provinces have helped with contributions and loans till they themselves are impoverished." How fortunate is the condition of the very poorest and most miserable of our population in comparison with that of these perishing millions in the heart of China.

THE Shah of Persia appears to have been vigorously plucked by shopkeepers and others during his stay in Paris. He is said by a correspondent to have received as many as 5,400 letters from different quarters, nearly all of which contained demands for pecuniary assistance, varying in importance from fifty francs to three million. Some of these were simply begging letters; others were proposals of inventions and commercial enterprises, where His Majesty was promised a portion of the profits. An approximate addition of these sums gives the neat total of fifty million francs. The landlord at Fontainebleau, with whom he stopped for only three days, presented him a bill of fourteen

thousand two hundred francs, made up of such items as these: For twelve peaches, one hundred and twenty francs, or twenty-four dollars; for one melon, sixty francs, or twelve dollars; for twenty chickens, four hundred francs, or four dollars apiece; for flowers, one thousand five hundred francs, etc. The bill was finally compromised for nine thousand francs, which was probably a good deal more than it should have been. In contrast with the rapacity of the Fontainebleau innkeeper, it is related that the Shah's bill at the Grand Hotel was relatively moderate, seventy-six thousand francs, inclusive of the cost of telegrams, or an average of three thousand four hundred and fifty-four francs per diem for thirty-two persons, without counting invited guests; and Nasser Eddin, to mark his satisfaction, presented to the manager a splendid cashmere shawl "for his wife, or any other person he pleased, provided he was not married."

THE Mayor of Montreal does not come out of his recent controversy with Premier Mackenzie of the Canadian Dominion with any notable éclat. The Premier notified him that it was his duty to protect the Orange procession, and that he would be given all the force required for that purpose. To this the Mayor replied that the Orange society was an illegal body, and he could not see that "magistrates would be justified in countenancing its proceedings." In other words, he deliberately invited an assault upon the Orangemen by the mob whom he represented. The Premier, in response to this remarkable document, sharply reminded the Mayor that it is for the law-officers of the Provincial Government, and not for him, to determine the legality of the Orangemen's procession; and then added: "Individuals who happen to belong to the association in question have the same right to assemble together for the purpose of walking in public procession that any other parties have. Their general rights as citizens remain intact, and it is the absolute right of every person to walk the public streets; and this may be exercised by them individually or together. The mere fact that every person in a collection of persons walking together happens to belong to an illegal association, or to several illegal associations, does not render unlawful his act of walking the public streets alone or in company, and there is no act that I am aware of prohibiting such procession from walking." This timely vindication by the Premier of the freedom of assembly and the rights of individual citizens against the menaces of intolerant mobs, will be applauded by every man on both sides of the line who believes in the maintenance of law and the preservation of the monuments of social order.

A RECENT investigation into the management of the agency of the Crow Creek Indians in Dakota Territory has revealed an amount of fraud and robbery almost without precedent. The agent is shown to have amassed, by means of fraudulent vouchers and otherwise, a great fortune, being the owner of large landed estates, town lots and interests in three silver mines, while his accomplices were permitted to steal everything they could lay their hands upon that he did not want himself. The average cost of running the agency for seven years was over \$24,000 yearly, or \$170,000. The agent drew that sum from the Government for work and other things that were paid for in stolen Indian goods. Much of it was for fictitious purchases and extravagant bills. He drew rations and annuities for 300 more Indians than he has had on the agency for three years. He issued very scant rations and made a margin in that way, and the extra annuities were appropriated. Then, with his accomplices, he maintained two cattle ranches, with stock, rations, etc., regularly supplied from the Crow Creek and Cheyenne agencies. They conducted a hotel supplied regularly with beef, milk and potatoes from the agency, and forced employés to board there. They used the agency blacksmith shop and materials for private gains. All their private stock were fed at the Government cribs. In one instance two steamboat loads of Indian goods belonging to another agency were unloaded at Crow Creek and appropriated by the thieves. The Indians put up large quantities of hay and wood, and were paid in their own rations and annuities. It was the practice of the ring to charge the Government for this hay and wood, get paid for them, and then sell the same to steamboats, military posts and bushwhackers, thus realizing two prices. It will be interesting to learn what the Government will do in reference to these audacious frauds, the most specifically stated of any that have come to public notice. As a rule, the plunderers of the Indians have escaped punishment, but it can scarcely be supposed that a reform Administration will venture to wink at robberies so deliberate and unblushing as those here recorded.

POPE LEO XIII. held a Consistory July 15th, and submitted for the approval of the cardinals a secret allocation indicating the future line of conduct towards the various Powers. Late rumors credit a friendly understanding between the Vatican and the German Government, saying that negotiations are now in an advanced stage whereby the Papal Nuncio residing in Munich, Saxony, will have jurisdiction over the Catholic Church and bishops in Prussia.

LODGE BEACONSFIELD and SALISBURY returned to London on July 16th, and had a most demonstrative reception. In answer to addresses of welcome and congratulation, they made brief responses. Lord Beaconsfield made a formal speech in the House of Lords on the 18th, in presenting the protocols of the Treaty of Berlin, dealing largely with the details of the concessions and awards. Both lords are to have a special audience of the Queen at Windsor, and will receive the freedom of the City of London.

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

### Domestic.

THE crops of the Western States, according to the latest reports, will equal those of last year.

SECRETARY SHERMAN has issued another call for \$5,000,000 of five-twenty bonds of 1865, new series.

THE President is to be asked to remove Michael Schaeffer, Chief Justice of Utah, by a numerously signed petition.

THE funeral of H. G. Eastman, Mayor of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., on July 18th, was attended by over 10,000 people.

JOHN WARREN, the oldest member of the New York Stock Exchange, died suddenly, July 18th. He was born in Wall Street in 1796.

THE special commission sent out to induce Red Cloud and Spotted Tail to remove to reservations on the Missouri have failed to secure the change.

THE Potter Investigating Committee will continue its sessions at Atlantic City, N. J., where several of the "visiting statesmen" will be examined.

GENERAL CHARLES K. GRAHAM, of New York City, has been appointed Surveyor of Customs at this port, vice General E. A. Merritt appointed Collector of Customs.

THE challenge contest between the Cornell and Harvard freshman crews on Owasco Lake, New York, was won by the former on July 17th, by four lengths, in 17 minutes 13 $\frac{1}{2}$  seconds.

THE Colorado Democratic State Convention, at Pueblo, July 19th, nominated W. A. H. Loveland for Governor, and renominated Thomas M. Patterson for Representative in Congress, both by acclamation.

MR. THOMAS W. LUDLOW, one of the founders of the New York Life Insurance and Trust Company, and prominently connected with many commercial and financial enterprises, died in Yonkers on July 17th, aged eighty-four.

THE thirteenth annual Women's Suffrage Convention was held at Rochester, N. Y., on the 18th, and elected Elizabeth C. Stanton, President; Lucretia Mott, First Vice-President; and a second Vice-President from each State and Territory.

GENERAL MILES has had two lively brushes with Indian forces much larger than his own, and drove them many miles in the mountains. Governor Chadwick of Oregon has called for volunteers, and the prospect is so alarming that all the spare troops of the country are being hastened to the West.

HON. JOHN A. LOTT, ex-Judge of the Supreme Court of New York, died suddenly July 20th, aged 74; Hon. George F. Shepley, Judge of the United States Circuit Court for the First District, at Portland, Me., on the 20th, aged 59; and William T. McCoun, ex-Vice-Chancellor and ex-Judge of the Supreme Court of New York, on the 18th, aged 92.

DURING the latter part of last week the temperature was considerably reduced in the West, but the hot wave struck the Middle States on July 19th, that day being the hottest of the season in New York City, although a heavy thunder-storm broke in the afternoon, thirty-five cases of sunstroke being reported. On Sunday, 21st, severe thunderstorms and heavy rains occurred in the Middle and New England States, doing much damage, particularly in Albany and Middletown, N. Y., and greatly cooling the air.

### Foreign.

THE Jean-Jacques Rousseau centenary was celebrated in Paris July 14th.

THE obsequies of Queen Mercedes were celebrated in the Church of San Francisco, Madrid, July 17th, with great pomp.

IN the annual contest for the Elcho shield at Wimbledon, England, the Irish team proved the victors for the fourth time on July 18th.

SOME 10,000 nail-makers in the Old Hill, Dudley, Rowley and Hales-Owen districts, England, have struck for an increase of wages, and they say 10,000 more will soon join them.

THE most extensive strike ever known in France has broken out in Auzin, where 5,000 colliers have left the pits, demanding higher wages and the limitation of a day's work to eight hours. A large force of troops has been sent to the region.

THE official inquiry at Kiel into the ironclad disaster on the British coast has resulted in a verdict acquitting the officers of the *Grosser Kurfürst* and *König Wilhelm*, and attributing the collision to a mistake of the helmsman of the *König Wilhelm*.

THE Austrian Minister of the Interior, in addressing his constituents in Pesth on July 15th, justified Austria's policy in the occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, whereupon the populace broke out in dissatisfaction and demolished a number of recently erected triumphal arches.

IN Constantinople the opinion is held that a convention has been arranged between Austria and the Porte by which the latter accepts the occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, and the former engages to prevent any future alliance between Russia and Montenegro, and to preserve order in Bulgaria.

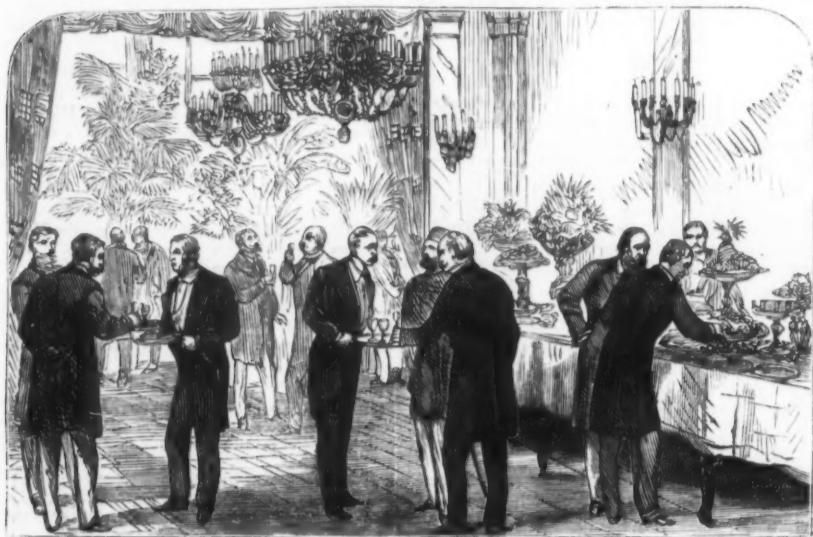
KING ALFONSO, by a special decree, has nominated Señor Don Antonia Mantillas, the Spanish Minister at Washington, Marquis of Villa Mantillas, which villa belonged to his ancestors, in recompense of his services in the pacification of the Island of Cuba and the recent treaties of commerce signed between the United States and the Spanish Government.

THE official *Gazette* at Havana publishes a royal decree, dated June 9th, dividing the government and administration of the Island of Cuba into six civil provinces, named after their respective capitals: Pinar del Rio, Havana, Matanzas, Santa Clara, Puerto Principe and Santiago de Cuba. Havana will be a first-class province, Santiago de Cuba a second-class, and the balance third-class provinces.

POPE LEO XIII. held a Consistory July 15th, and submitted for the approval of the cardinals a secret allocation indicating the future line of conduct towards the various Powers. Late rumors credit a friendly understanding between the Vatican and the German Government, saying that negotiations are now in an advanced stage whereby the Papal Nuncio residing in Munich, Saxony, will have jurisdiction over the Catholic Church and bishops in Prussia.

LODGE BEACONSFIELD and SALISBURY returned to London on July 16th, and had a most demonstrative reception. In answer to addresses of welcome and congratulation, they made brief responses. Lord Beaconsfield made a formal speech in the House of Lords on the 18th, in presenting the protocols of the Treaty of Berlin, dealing largely with the details of the concessions and awards. Both lords are to have a special audience of the Queen at Windsor, and will receive the freedom of the City of London.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—See PAGE 371.



GERMANY.—THE BERLIN CONGRESS—LUNCH-ROOM IN PRINCE BISMARCK'S PALACE.



TURKEY.—GENERAL SKOBELEV AT THE GRAVE OF JOHN A. M'GAHAN, CONSTANTINOPLE.



FRANCE.—THE PARIS EXHIBITION—THE SPANISH PAVILION, CHAMP-DE-MARS.



FRANCE.—THE PARIS EXHIBITION—ENTRANCE TO THE FINE-ARTS GALLERY.



FRANCE.—THE PARIS EXHIBITION—GARDEN OF THE ALGERIAN PAVILION.



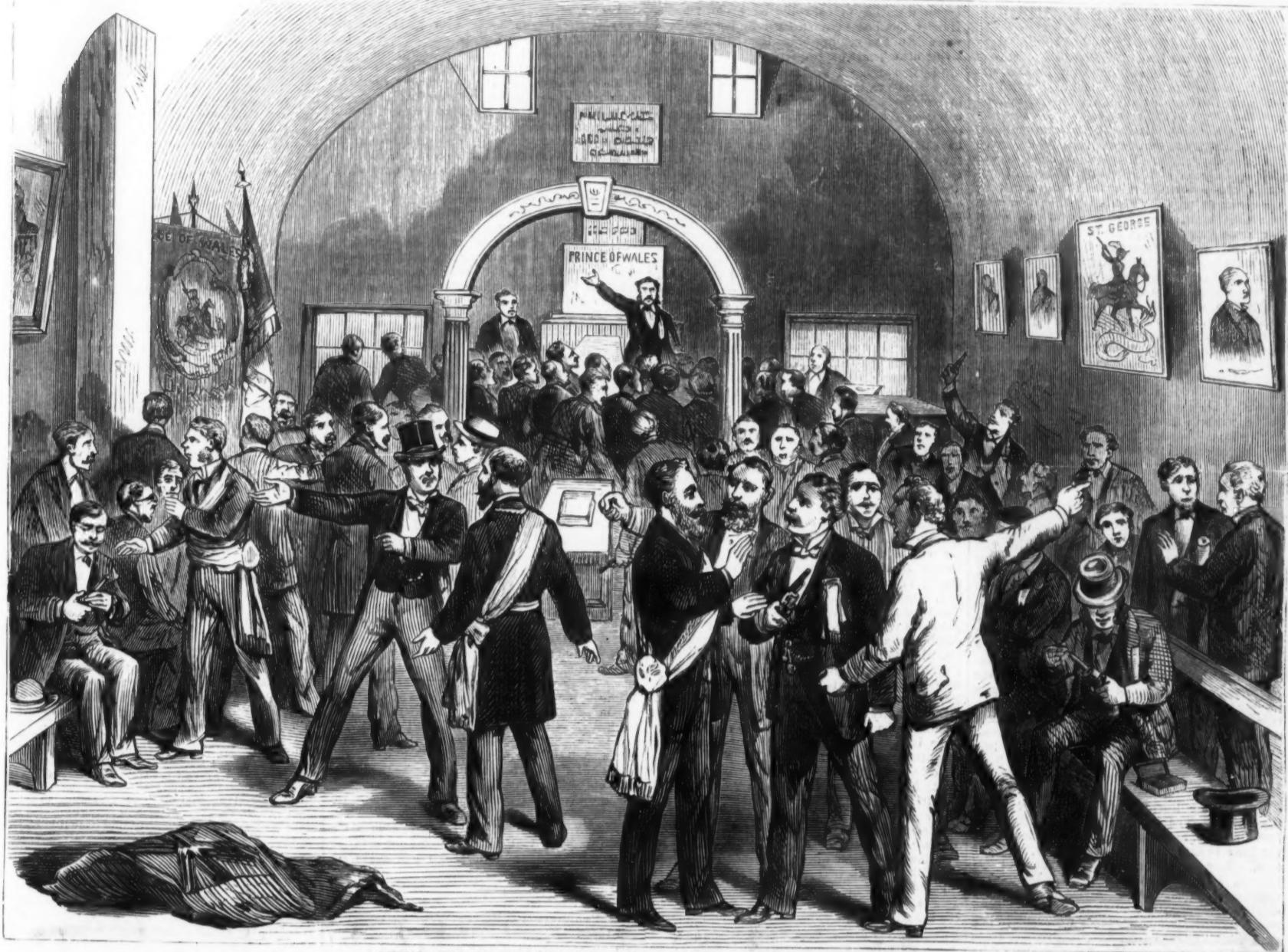
FRANCE.—THE PARIS EXHIBITION—INTERIOR OF THE JAPANESE PAVILION.



AFRICA.—THE CAFFRE WAR—A GLIMPSE OF BUSH-FIGHTING WITH THE NATIVES.



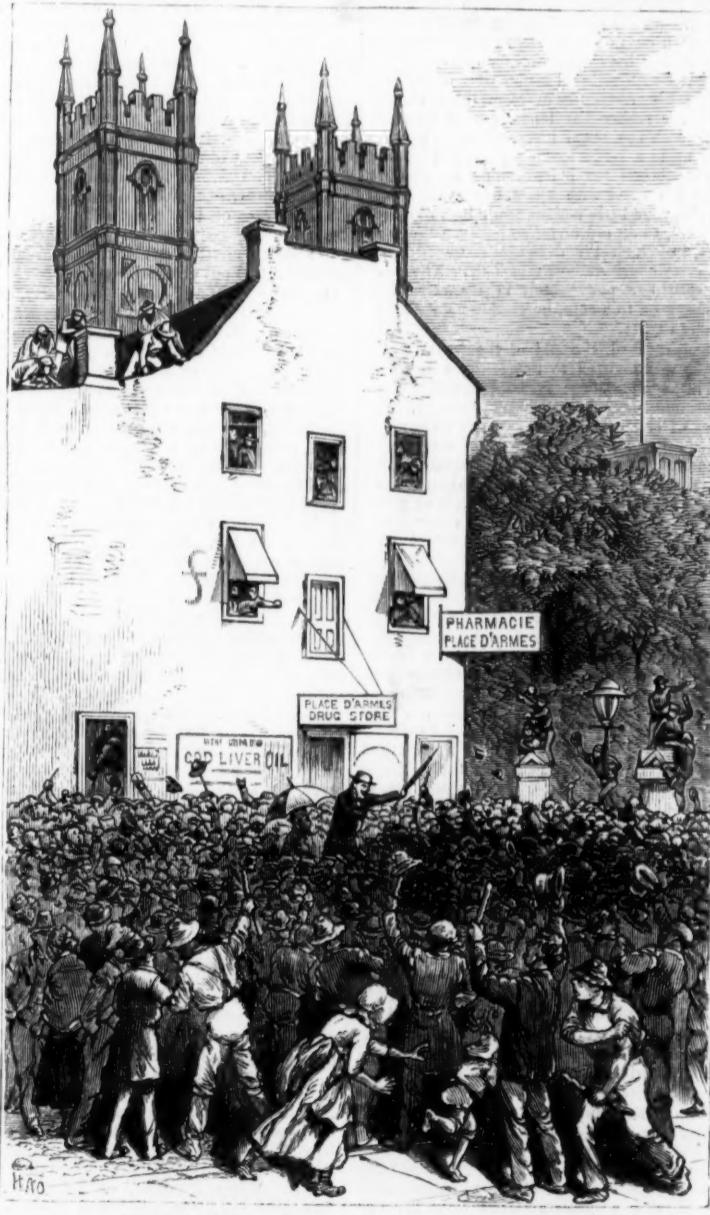
MALTA.—A REVIEW OF NATIVE INDIAN TROOPS BY THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE LODGE-ROOM OF THE PRINCE OF WALES LODGE OF ORANGEMEN.



GENERAL SELBY SMYTHE, COMMANDING THE MILITARY.



MAYOR BEAUDRY ADDRESSING THE MOB AFTER THE TRUCE.



MAYOR BEAUDRY, COMMANDING THE POLICE.



MOB ATTACKING A CARRIAGE OCCUPIED BY AN ORANGEMAN.



THE HIGH CONSTABLE ATTEMPTING TO FORCE AN ENTRANCE TO THE ORANGE LODGE-ROOM.

CANADA.—THE TWELFTH OF JULY IN MONTREAL—SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE.  
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. NOTMAN AND SKETCHES BY GEO. R. HALL.—SEE PAGE 371.

## ANOTHER TALE OF HOMBURG.

**M**Y friend Karl Otto Fichte had been for many years at the head of the medical practice at Homburg. He had studied in London, was married to an Englishwoman, and had formed another bond of love for all things English in devoted admiration of Shakespeare, whose difficulties and beauties he was in the habit of discussing in papers contributed to the *Jahrbiicher* of the German Shakespeare Society. His love of children was such as is perhaps only that of kind-hearted husbands who are childless, and was illustrated by the countless portraits which, together with cases of stuffed birds, covered so many of his walls. For some years I was in the habit of passing my short holiday at Homburg for the sake of my old fellow student's society. After our pipes were lit at night, Doctor Fichte told me many a story of the worst side of the bad specimens of humanity, flocking to a spot in order to repair self-abused constitutions, and to feed their wild hopes of restoring broken fortunes. Always marked as his sketches were by the meanness and corruption with which the confirmed gambler's whole nature festers, they were here and there relieved by some little touch of goodness or beauty that threw into deeper shade the main features of the subject. The doctor was at his best when a child was one of his characters. The following narrative, which has long lingered in my memory, contains, I think, sufficient interest, simple as it is, to point a moral. I give it in Doctor Fichte's own words.

A few Summers ago, my wife's attention was much drawn to an English couple frequenting the public resorts here. The husband seemed about fifty years of age, much broken in health and spirits, but bearing in his face the impress of ability and mental culture. His mean attire and unhealthy look contrasted strangely with the faultless dress and self-possessed mien of the wife, and with the bonliness of a little girl of some three years, their never-failing companion, whose rosy cheeks, bright honest eyes, and winsome naturalness were as much opposed to the broken-down appearance of the one parent as to the glossy self-consciousness of the other. Fondness for the child, however, seemed to be their common virtue; and the group sufficiently interested the crowd of dawdlers to form a point of some attraction in the gardens and at the Brunnen. Shy and somewhat nervous towards strangers, the little girl rather repelled the advances of most admirers, preferring to form steadier friendships with the officials of the Kurhaus and the girls serving at the springs. The father, shortly after I had first heard of him, came to consult me; when I was not long in determining that his yellow, withered face, glassy, deep-sunk eyes and lame gait betokened a confirmed use of opium. It was the usual story he had to tell. Adopted as a cure for severe neuralgic pain, the drug from a remedy grew into a pleasure, and ripened into a necessity. The particulars I learned from him from time to time, which I was able to supplement subsequently by his wife's narrative, will show what manner of patient I had to treat, and how far I could look to the wife for aid in effecting his cure.

George Evenden—as I will call him—after some years' practice at the English Bar, had been appointed to a judgeship in Jamaica, soon after his marriage. Though a clever and accomplished man, he was too idle and self-indulgent to make any sure progress in an arduous profession at home; and, distasteful though the exile was to him, he did not hesitate to accept the proffered appointment in the West Indies, where a few months later he was joined by his wife and first-born child. Hitherto the married life of the Evendens had not been altogether a happy one. Mrs. Evenden, the only child of a naval officer, left motherless as an infant, had known no other home than the occasional shelter of the houses of relatives during her holidays from school. Handsome, clever and ambitious as a school-girl, she, to her credit, grew into an accomplished woman, in every way fitted for the life of hard dependence which she had foreseen would be her lot. With strong health, remarkable coolness of nerve, and great powers of fascination, she was unable to disguise from those who sought to be her real friends that she had a cold heart and somewhat lax principles. Such was Harriet Merton, when at twenty years of age she met Evenden during the assizes in a town in the south of England. A short acquaintance irregularly formed led to an engagement of marriage, and in place of starting in life as a governess, she speedily became the wife of a man double her age. Both soon owned to themselves that they had made a mistake.

Entirely opposed to his wife in character, tastes and views of life, Evenden, naturally fickle, grew disappointed and angry with himself for marrying, caring not to win the esteem of a woman whom he had never really loved; while she, absorbed in herself, never even tried to love a man whom she did not respect for worldly eminence. The birth of a child, as a new pleasure shared by both parents, produced for a time a happier feeling between them; but soon the wife tired of her new duties, became discontented with her uncongenial surroundings; while Evenden, alienated by her want of sympathy, by nature faint-hearted, drifted into bad habits, and losing his health through intemperance, sought relief in the besetting remedy of opium.

Necessarily resigning his post as judge, he took to coffee-planting, with the natural result of failing in an occupation that left him free to indulge in a vicious habit. Harriet, who cared for her children—of which there were then two—only so far as they did credit to her own talents and attractions, occupied herself in shining in the society of the adjoining camp at Newcastle, and was by no means delighted at the thought of returning to England; a step which, long advised by medical friends, was at last decided on by the unusual outbreak of yellow fever among the troops, whose cantonment of tents, dotted picturesquely among tree-ferns and plantains on the mountain sides, had nearly touched the inclosure of Evenden's house. The death of their eldest child on the passage home seems to have awakened the father to a sense of his physical and moral debase-

ment; and he had come here with the evidently honest intention of throwing off his evil habit. Harriet, too, had been steadied by her loss, and was able to find genuine amusement at any rate in seeing little Violet happy.

The first thing I endeavored to impress upon my patient was the necessity of strict truthfulness in his confidences with me on the subject of his habit, for I knew by experience that the deceit of opium-eaters is one of the hardest points that we have to assail in attempting their cure; secondly, that the task of curing himself was one that could be accomplished; next, that for some weeks he must be prepared for much suffering, which it was out of the power of any doctor directly to alleviate; and lastly, I urged him of all things never to give up the smallest ground gained in the struggle. The administration of the opium was to be under Mrs. Evenden's sole control, the very place of its keeping to be concealed from him. His usual daily allowance of eighty grains was to be at once reduced to sixty grains, divided into four equal portions; the end of the first week was to see it reduced to forty grains; the end of the second week to twenty grains; and so until the fortieth day, which I fixed for its entire abandonment. I prescribed valerian and bromide of potassium, and advised a moderate indulgence in tobacco.

For the first few days my patient suffered but little beyond extreme restlessness and inability to sleep, and there was even then apparent a slight improvement in his health and spirits; but in the second week he began to be racked by pain, that, rising beneath the shoulder-blades, crept up over neck, ear, and eye, while he seemed, he said, to be on fire all over his body just beneath the skin. The only sleep he could now get was a change from the reality of bodily torture to a vivid succession of ghastly dreams ending in some fearful catastrophe, that roused him, bathed in perspiration from sole to crown. The third and fourth weeks were, as I had anticipated, his worst time. Each hour had for him the duration of a day; each day seemed strangely prolonged into a period that knew no reckoning. Never free from acute pain, he was perpetually on the move, and if he tried to sit, he was instantly impelled to shift from chair to chair. His irritability became almost maniacal, and often he told me he would bite his tongue till the blood came, in the effort to master it. Impatient of the slightest contradiction, he was, though very rarely, almost unkind to his much-beloved child, who was as much with him as I allowed her to be during this trying time. "Dear little father"—as she was wont to call him—"dear little father, can you have me?" was a frequent query I heard outside his door. On entering and finding him tearing up and down the room with hot flushed cheeks, she would try to stop him with the plaintive words: "Father, do you love me? Yes; you do love me a little bit; now you tell me about Beauty and the Beast;" and the two were at once on the floor, poring over some gorgeous picture-book. Then when the father could sit still no longer, Violet would mount his back, and order him to career across the room, kissing him on each cheek for being her "dear old horse." Or clasping her round the waist with his fingers locked in front of her, he would swing her backwards and forwards between his legs until both girl and father were breathless. Once when his irritability overcame him, and he addressed her rather less tenderly than usual as "Child!" with the blood mantling in her cheeks, she went up to a large looking-glass, and having carefully smoothed her hair, running up to him, smothered his hand with kisses, and said: "No, father; I'm your little maiden now; look!" alluding, I found, to an old flirtation between the pair of lovers, in which the designation was derived from a certain arrangement of hair. The poor man clasped her passionately in his arms, and then, sinking on to a sofa, burst into an irrepressible flood of tears.

We had reached the end of the fourth week. The opium was reduced to five grains a day, distributed into ten portions; the appetite had become enormous, and the walking powers unabated. The deficiency of sleep was great, and the liver much disordered; but I had great hopes of success, for I saw that my patient was honestly doing battle with his enemy. Five weeks had passed; growing feebler, he could not wind up his watch, or guide a pen without the assistance of the other hand, and complained especially of a constant cold perspiration down the spine. His pulse was slow and heavy, the face flushed, and fingers swollen. At last, after two days' allowance of half a grain, the fortieth day was passed absolutely without

opium. Was the victory won? There is, as you doubtless know, one great point of advantage that attends the attempted cure of opium-eating, as compared with that of excessive drinking, or even tobacco smoking, and this is, that there is no specific desire for the drug as pleasurable. The patient yearns for freedom from pain, but the opium is not an object of craving for its own delights, as is the drunkard's dram or the forbidden pipe. But though I had believed that Evenden's desire to be cured was sincere, I had been glad to know that his wife kept the drug, and that the key of the drawer was on the châtelaine by her side. I would that I could have trusted her for that natural support which a wife could render in guiding her husband from the danger of a relapse. But I had been troubled by her constant absence from home, and so it was but rarely that I could see her to give my necessary instructions. Incredibly as it had seemed to me, she at once opposed the plan I now suggested of taking her husband away for a few days' change of scene. A little later I was enlightened as to much that puzzled me in her.

One night after supper, on entering one of the rooms of the Kurhaus, I was attracted by a knot of bystanders absorbed in watching the play of a lady seated at the roulette-table. It was Harriet Evenden, whose child I had found but three hours ago trying to comfort her father, as he lay racked on a sofa, with a favorite story told in her own words. Most elegantly dressed, without a sign of excitement on her handsome features, Mrs. Evenden was watching the fortunes of five napoleons, which she had pushed on, *à cheval*, to the line separating

the zero from one of the adjacent numbers. *Messieurs, faites le jeu. Le jeu est-il fait? Rien ne va plus* (Gentlemen, make your game. Is the game made? No more is staked); and the ivory ball tumbled into the compartment bearing the same number as one of those touched by the five napoleons. The croupier, after settling other gains and losses, counted out seventeen times five gold pieces; and the winner, raking up her ninety napoleons as coolly as they had been dealt to her, proceeded apparently to cast up on a card the result of her ventures. I left, distressed by what was to me a very sorry sight indeed. The difficulty of Evenden's permanent cure was to my mind enormously increased, not only because her pursuit would make her forgetful of, perhaps indifferent to, his vice, but because the knowledge of her conduct, if disapproved of by him, was the very thing to snap his weak powers of self-control. More than once, when we had been talking over the practice of gambling here, he had—I then remembered—congratulated himself on being too poor to play. "I have never been a gambler, doctor," he said, "and I trust that this one virtue will not leave me." And as I thought of their dear little Violet, I quite shuddered over my own forecast.

After much perplexing thought, I determined to speak to Mrs. Evenden on the subject of her playing, though the task of reforming a gambler seemed yet more uncertain than that of curing an opium-eater. The next afternoon when I had seen her husband in the gardens seated near the band, with Violet close by, making friends with some young soldiers, I made my way to their house in the Untere Promenade, and found, as he said, to be on fire all over his body just beneath the skin. The only sleep he could now get was a change from the reality of bodily torture to a vivid succession of ghastly dreams ending in some fearful catastrophe, that roused him, bathed in perspiration from sole to crown. The third and fourth weeks were, as I had anticipated, his worst time. Each hour had for him the duration of a day; each day seemed strangely prolonged into a period that knew no reckoning. Never free from acute pain, he was perpetually on the move, and if he tried to sit, he was instantly impelled to shift from chair to chair. His irritability became almost maniacal, and often he told me he would bite his tongue till the blood came, in the effort to master it. Impatient of the slightest contradiction, he was, though very rarely, almost unkind to his much-beloved child, who was as much with him as I allowed her to be during this trying time. "Dear little father"—as she was wont to call him—"dear little father, can you have me?" was a frequent query I heard outside his door. On entering and finding him tearing up and down the room with hot flushed cheeks, she would try to stop him with the plaintive words: "Father, do you love me? Yes; you do love me a little bit; now you tell me about Beauty and the Beast;" and the two were at once on the floor, poring over some gorgeous picture-book. Then when the father could sit still no longer, Violet would mount his back, and order him to career across the room, kissing him on each cheek for being her "dear old horse." Or clasping her round the waist with his fingers locked in front of her, he would swing her backwards and forwards between his legs until both girl and father were breathless. Once when his irritability overcame him, and he addressed her rather less tenderly than usual as "Child!" with the blood mantling in her cheeks, she went up to a large looking-glass, and having carefully smoothed her hair, running up to him, smothered his hand with kisses, and said: "No, father; I'm your little maiden now; look!" alluding, I found, to an old flirtation between the pair of lovers, in which the designation was derived from a certain arrangement of hair. The poor man clasped her passionately in his arms, and then, sinking on to a sofa, burst into an irrepressible flood of tears.

Shattered, feeble and suffering though Evenden still was, I felt very confident that time and self-control only were needed to restore him to health and vigor. Happy enough he seemed too, when, two days later, at a very early hour, I caught sight of the inseparable pair just outside the town, Violet in wild delight mounted on one of our little dog-drawn milk-carts, urging on the dog and beaming with merriment. "You see me, doctor. I'm Peggy in the low-backed car. My fluffy kitten is the chicken Peggy is picking. Little Father's the lover who envies the chicken. You be the man at the turnpike-bar, and scratch your old poll." And then we all three went through the whole ditty of that charming Irish song "The Low-backed Car," to the amused wonderment of the kind owner of the cart. Dear child! Happy in the ignorance of her parents' faults, might she never have occasion to rue them, and above all never wear the fetters that mind and body forge for themselves out of vice!

In the afternoon of the self-same day, as I was dismissing my last patient, Mrs. Evenden entered this room. With an air of almost contemptuous triumph, she told me in unmoved accents that her husband had got at some opium that morning while she was out; that she had returned home to find him playing and talking with Violet with an incoherent wildness, which, after some hours, had given place to heavy stupor, in which she had just left him. As far as she could gather from the child's account, her husband had taken the opium out of a little ivory box which Violet had discovered in the depths of a work-basket, and begged him to unscrew for her. This box, in which Evenden used to carry his pocket-hoard of the drug, had been long missing, and had been, by my desire, the object of much search. As I feared possible, the sudden temptation had broken down the resistance of weeks. Driving at once to their house, on entering the drawing-room I found the unhappy man stretched on the sofa in heavy torpor, broken only by an occasional convulsive twitching in his face and limbs. The furniture was in wild disorder, and littered about were dolls, toys, rugs and various articles of dress, as though father and daughter had been acting some favorite nursery story. While engaged in rousing Evenden from a stupor, which, by its rapid increase, together with the ghastly features and almost imperceptible pulse, marked the large quantity of the dose, I heard his wife outside the door asking for Violet. "Is she not with her father, madam?" answered the servant. At that moment, instinctively my eye caught sight of the open balcony-gate. With a fearful thought I bounded outside and looked down into the garden. In another moment I was by the side of Violet, lying at the foot of the steps with her Red-Riding-Hood cloak tumbled over her head—still and silent in the beauty of a painless death. The neck had been broken in the fall, and her little spirit had taken its flight in calm and sinless peace. Probably after the morning's wild fun was over, and the horrid poison had had its full play, Violet, failing to rouse her father from his unconscious state, had run out frightened to the balcony, to look or call for help, and rushing against the treacherous gate, had fallen headlong below.

When Evenden, on awaking from the prolonged sleep which followed the stupor, asked for Violet, I told him that, though he had failed in resisting the sudden onslaught of his foe, I was now certain of his final victory over opium; for she who had been his loving comrade in his first

effort, would henceforth, as his ministering angel, gird him with fresh strength for the last assault.

And I was not wrong. When we had strewed the sad little grave with flowers, Mrs. Evenden left Homburg on a visit to England, and her husband took up his abode with me. This time the hope of cure was assured by his abiding sorrow. After six months' sojourn he left me, a wholly different man from the invalid I had at first known. Still bearing, of course, some effects of the long self-indulgence, he had a look of strength and patient endurance that foretold the certainty of a lasting cure. The light had departed from his day, but he was truly a wiser and better man. Harriet Evenden, sobered by their loss, reformed the defects, if unable to change the nature, of her character. In the village where they have fixed their home by the sea, they have from small beginnings established a cottage hospital for convalescent children; and by the wife's able management and exertions, the husband, in his fondness for the little patients, is able to perpetuate his enduring love for her who had been for three short years the one sweetness of a self-embittered life.

## AMERICAN INDUSTRIES.

## STURGEON-FISHING ON THE HUDSON.

THE village of Hyde Park is situated on the right bank of the lordly Hudson, 83 miles from New York. Hyde Park is the centre of the sturgeon-fishing, and to Hyde Park our artist, with the writer, hied one recent Summer's morning to witness the capture of the fish whose flesh has been facetiously nicknamed "Albany beef," and whose roe tickles the palate of the gourmand under the designation of *caviare*. The village is most picturesquely situated on the hooded crest of a hill overlooking the river. Opposite, stand verdure-clad heights, with cozy little villages peeping coquettishly from behind vails of greenest foliage. Away to the right in the dreamy distance lie the Catskills, tender blue against the creamy sky; to the left the river loses itself somewhat abruptly in its eagerness to rush to the embraces of the expectant ocean. Floating palaces thrill past us; rakish-looking schooners, with sails as white as the driven snow, tack languidly in the wooing breeze; smaller craft, with fiercely pretentious canvas, flash saucily by; boats laden with nut-brown men, and nut-brown nets are pulled into an inlet such as Daniel Defoe must have had in his mind's-eye when he pictured the delightful abiding-place of Robinson Crusoe. Such an inlet—a sheet of molten silver caressed by amorous ferns; gray rocks leaning over it in order to take a long, long look at themselves in its mirror-like surface; a waterfall such as Titania and her court might have used as a shower-bath, and charming little nooks all around it, wherein to revel in a midsummer night's dream.

Into this haven of refuge is drawn the fleet of the sturgeon-fishers, and at 6 A.M. on the "draw of the tide," we embark with a bronzed mariner in a skiff, similar in construction to any of those that put off to bear greeting unto Heinrich Hudson as he sailed up the river that was for all future time to bear his name on that never-to-be-forgotten morning in the September of 1609. Our net is 500 feet long by 30 feet deep, each mesh being one foot. It is constructed of cotton prepared in tar, and has cost our fisherman \$40. The line to which the net is attached in twenty feet deep, while twenty-eight cedar-wood buoys, painted black, denote the place where it has gone down onto its deadly work. Our flat-bottomed scow is eighteen feet long. When a little way from the shore, we cast our net, and, lying upon our oars, await the result with that exquisite impatience ever manifested by the neophyte. The buoys, like a flock of ducks, soon assume a semi-circular line, and while we watch them with staring eyes and almost bated breath, the fisherman is pleased to impart his experience on the subject of sturgeon-capture.

The take of late years has been very poor, owing to the increased number of shad seines, which scare the fish. "I hauled in as many as twenty-one fish in one day, and now if I get one I mustn't growl," said our toiler of the river. "They're poor soldiers. They don't show much fight once you have netted them. It's only one in twenty that is gamey—it's only when you get 'em ashore that they wake up. The sight of the cans for holding their roe is too much for 'em," a cast-iron grin on his rusty visage.

"What is the weight of the roe?" we asked.

"Well, now, fifty pounds is a big one, but thirty pounds is the average. The roe generally weighs one-third of the fish."

"What is the largest sturgeon you have caught?"

The fisherman ceased to pull; we were passing along the line of our buoys.

"I guess he was over eight feet from snout to tail, and turned two hundred pounds. He was a bulky fish," with a chuckle apparently proceeding from the bottom of the boat.

At this instant down went five of our buoys, while the others became violently agitated all along the line.

"We've got him," observed the fisherman, with a disgusting and business-like calmness.

## NETTING THE FISH.

The haul commenced. The net thrashed and thrashed as hand-over-hand we pulled it in. The strain became stronger, the throbs increasing in number and volume until they arrived at jerks, short, sharp and fierce. Presently a monster head came to the surface, but to disappear with a terrific splash. Could it be a shark?

"Have that noose ready!" shouted the fisherman. The article referred to was a piece of rope about eight feet long with a running loop at the end. This was to be cast round the gills of the fish, and the half-hanged sturgeon lugged on board the boat.

With a dexterity only to be achieved by considerate practice, the head of the huge fish was successfully lassoed, and then came the tug of war.

"This chap will fight us," observed the piscator, "so take a good grip on the rope."

The sturgeon, upon feeling itself caught in the noose, gave a leap that nearly dragged us overboard. The net was well under it, or it would have shot down into the depths with the rapidity of a flash. We held on like grim death while the huge, unwieldy monster darted hither and thither within the walls of its meshy prison-house. Every jump it gave threatened the destruction of our elbow-joints. Now it squirmed and tossed and beat the water in an unendurable agony of fear; now it lay motionless, as though lie'd had suddenly gone out of it; now a renewed vitality would impart extra strength for a supreme effort, and a mad writhing would take place in the seething waters that

were plentifully dashed over the gunwale of our scow, while a portion of the net with its attendant buoys was sent flying high in air. Seizing a favorable moment, we hauled the fish into the boat and instantly pulled for shore.

We reached the tiny dock to find two other boats landing their respective "takes." Their fish had "made no show," and were already in the hands of Herr Meyer, the manufacturer of caviare, who contracts for every sturgeon caught in the district at \$3 per fish all the year round. We hauled our vanquished foe ashore, laying the fish tenderly alongside a row of tin pails that glittered like molten silver in the morning sunshine. The sturgeon made one or two impotent attempts at escape, but the terrible noose was still around its neck, and, in addition, two fishermen had already grasped it fore and aft in order to permit Herr Von Meyer to commence his operations upon its roe.

It was somewhat of a ghastly sight to behold the caviare merchant approach with a long knife, shaped after the fashion of the Spanish *cuchillo*, and deliberately wipe it upon the white upturned stomach of his victim ere proceeding to the torture. Arranging his tin pails upon his right hand, he ordered the fish to be tilted a little more on its back, and then cut a slit of about four inches long close to the tail, from which spurted a great jet of blood that spattered us at a distance of several feet, while the wretched fish indulged in its last, last plunge for dear life.

Herr Meyer then squatted himself lovingly beside the sturgeon, and, drawing his knife along the stomach, made another slit of some four or five inches in length—this to afford his assistant a good purchase on the fish, a sort of handle, which proved exceedingly useful a little later on in the operation. The knife was scientifically introduced below the mouth and drawn with considerable delicacy and accuracy right along the stomach to the tail. The skin was then turned back and the roe exposed to view. This caviare-giving organ lies like a linseed-meal poultice the entire length of the sturgeon, packed away as only Dame Nature knows how to pack her goods and chattels. Herr Meyer plumping his hands beneath the still throbbing roe, gently lifted it and cut it into junks, which he dexterously tossed into the vessels by his side. The fish was subsequently sold to the highest bidder, who in turn retailed it to an expectant crowd, and what a few minutes ago was a superb sturgeon, might now be seen in the hands of matron and maid, cut up into small pieces, and being borne away to village homesteads, there to be hung up and dried, or to be fried in batter as "Albany beef" for the approaching noonday meal.

#### CAVIARE.

Following the roe of the ill-fated sturgeon, we found ourselves in a large, vaulted, underground apartment, not unlike the stereotyped "lowest dungeon in the castle moat." This prison-cell is built of stone, supported by pillars, the floor being asphalted. The temperature was excellently cool, and, as Herr Meyer informed us, exactly suited to the manufacture of caviare. A number of large tin vessels, small barrels and sieves, lay about the apartment. In the centre stood a long wooden trough on an incline, and on the trough twelve hair sieves "all in a row." The tin pails containing the roe having been deposited on the floor by the assistant, Herr Meyer places himself beside a wire sieve upon which he deposits a lump of the roe, and proceeds to rub it gently backwards and forwards until the pea is separated from the fatty matter. The pea is then poured into tin vessels, when it resembles blackberry-jam. In these vessels it is salted, and from thence dropped into the hair sieves, the brine being drained off. The draining process concluded it becomes caviare, and as caviare, is packed away in barrels, one hundred pounds to each barrel, Herr Meyer being able to sell it at ten cents per pound. It is liable to get spoiled if not kept on ice, and the worthy manufacturer of this toothsome compound had no less than ninety-six barrels sent back to him last season through some lache in the icing system. In Russia the steak of the sturgeon is considered a delicacy, and caviare fit for the banquets of the gods. It grows to an enormous size in Russian waters, attaining a length of twelve to fifteen feet, and a weight of 1,200 pounds.

#### THE GREAT HEAT-WAVE IN THE WEST.

THE present Summer has been marked by exceptional conditions. While there have been days in every month since and including May in which light overcoats were comfortable, there have been other days in which the heat has been most intense. In this city, during the first week in July, the temperature was so oppressive as to cause a general exodus to the seaside and country resorts. But the distress felt here on account of the heat was scarcely worthy of mention as compared with the suffering and mortality occasioned in St. Louis, Chicago, Milwaukee and other Western cities by the great heat-wave. Up to the time of writing, St. Louis had suffered more severely than any other city, the mortality among infants being greater than ever known except in times of epidemics.

The first death from sunstroke occurred on July 10th. On the 11th there were five; 12th, three; 13th, fourteen; 14th, thirty-one; and during these five days there were ninety cases that did not prove fatal. On Monday, 15th, the heat-wave struck the city with full force, and coroners, undertakers, physicians and policemen were thoroughly occupied. Forty-nine fatal and one hundred non-fatal cases were reported during the day. Twenty-three patients were admitted to the hospital, while many were cared for in the police-stations and at residences. By noon the main thoroughfares were almost deserted, Fourth Street, particularly, looking like the principal road of some inland town of country importance. Men and women were prostrated at their work, children fell on the streets, in the yards and even on the nursery floor. Business suddenly became paralyzed. There was less than half the usual number of drays and freight wagons in service. All shipments that could possibly be postponed were laid over. A great many persons engaged in hard labor or in warm places struck work, and refused to resume until the danger of prostration by the heat had passed. There was not a hotel, restaurant, laundry, mill or manufacturing establishment that did not experience this effect. Ironers in laundries, and cooks and dishwashers in the hotels and restaurants, were the most alarmed, and laid off by the hundred. Reports from the rolling mills and foundries show a similar state of affairs.

The dispensary presented a bustling scene of animation. Even in the early morning crowds gathered at the door to watch the operations of the corps of physicians and attendants, who were running about. A member of the Board of Health, Mr. Priest, looked in to see that everything was going on all right. Health Commissioner Francis, with his coat and vest off, superintended the operations. Drs. Ludeking and Rineck attended mainly

to the patients, assisted by Drs. Homan and Davis and two assistant physicians from the City Hospital. Across the hallway Mr. Francis had a wire grating erected to shut off from the crowd a space in which to place beds for the accommodation of patients. As the day wore on the number of arrivals increased alarmingly. Each patient as he arrived was quickly placed on a couch and ice and restoratives applied, and when sufficiently revived was hurried in a city ambulance to the City Hospital or his home. Several visitors to the levee, where the sun came down with merciless effect upon the stones, fell insensible.

Great excitement prevailed at the Morgue throughout the sweltering days. The bodies were laid out for identification, and as it was known that the city would bury all that were not claimed within a few hours, people who had missed their friends for half a day flocked thither, prepared to see and learn the worst. Crowds of men, women and children gathered to look through the heavy glass windows and gaze at the stiff, stark corpses that lay on the marble slabs before them. The light from the background, reflected from a yellow painted wall, shed a golden lustre over the inanimate masses of blackened flesh, covered with cotton clothes, exposed here and there in all their hideousness, and preserved from decay only by chunks of ice placed over their bodies and shoulders.

Two horses of Undertaker Coffey fell dead in the street while conveying the bodies of two victims to the cemetery. Undertaker Smithers lost three horses in the same service.

On the morning of the 16th a breeze sprang up from the south which moderately tempered the heat and rendered it more endurable. The number of fatal and non-fatal cases was greatly diminished.

In Milwaukee the heat was extremely oppressive on the 16th, the thermometer ranging from 90 degrees to 100 degrees in the shade. There was no afternoon session of the Chamber of Commerce. Outdoor labor was generally suspended.

In Chicago there were an unusual number of deaths in the week, very many being from the heat, which, however, was not as intense as at St. Louis and Milwaukee.

Officers of the Signal Service say that the wave rolled down upon St. Louis from the great stretch of prairie lying west of that city. Much of this land is under the plow, and it has a vastly greater reflective heating power upon the air than it would have if it were covered with verdure.

Telegraphic and other reports from interior towns in Missouri and Kansas announced the weather as being extremely hot. In southern Missouri and Kansas the heat had been so intense for several days that all outdoor work had to be suspended, and a large part of the harvesting in many localities has been done by moonlight.

For the ten days preceding July 17th the heat at Ottumwa, Iowa, was intense, the thermometer registering daily from 90 degrees to 101 degrees in the shade. Harvesting is much impeded by the hot weather, farm hands being able to work only early in the morning and late in the evening.

Dispatches from various parts of Ontario, on the 17th, showed that the mercury ranged from 90 degrees to 103 degrees in the shade.

#### THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE.

THE 12th of July, the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne, was marked in the city of Montreal by an unprecedented excitement. The feeling between the Orangemen and Roman Catholics had become so bitter and intense that a violent collision and bloodshed had been generally anticipated. By way of preparing for the emergency, a military force of 3,000 men—cavalry, infantry and artillery—under Lieutenant-General Smythe, were concentrated in the city, and the Mayor, resenting the attempt to supersede him, swore-in a body of 500 special constables, nearly all of whom were Catholics. The citizens on the line of the proposed Orange procession, alarmed at the indications of violence, very generally barricaded their buildings. During the night of the 11th very few of the population slept, so profound was the sense of danger in the popular mind.

Happily, however, the expected conflict did not occur. Early on the morning of the 12th great crowds of people assembled on the principal streets, and the military marched to their rendezvous on the Champ de Mars. The police collected at the City Hall, where special constables assembled, with white ribbons as badges, and clubs in their hands. The Orangemen, still expressing their determination to parade, mustered in Orange Hall, near which crowds of dangerous men were gathered. The Catholics in the streets were greatly excited, and every man with an orange favor, on his way to the hall, was pursued. During the morning the Mayor had an interview with the Orangemen, when he advised no procession, and also recommended strongly that they should allow the several officers to be arrested to furnish a test case for the courts, where the legality of the association and their pretended rights could be determined. The offer was declined, and the Orange leaders returned to the hall, where, having gone through the preliminary ceremonies, some started for the church, where the exercises were to be held, but were arrested the moment they set foot on the street. The Orangemen contented themselves for the most part with launching anathemas and taunts at the policemen from the upper windows of their hall, into which the high-constables attempted at one time to force an entrance.

At a later hour the Orangemen held a further conference, and decided not to parade, but stipulated with the Mayor that he should disperse the mob in the vicinity of the hall and place guards around the building. As the crowd did not disperse, the Orangemen continued in the hall and refused to pass out. About three o'clock the soldiers were drawn across the streets, thus preventing any addition to the large crowd surrounding the hall. The Mayor then addressed the crowd and called attention to his proclamation, and urged them to disperse; they cheered him, but paid no attention to his appeal.

Finally, relying on the Mayor's assurance of protection, an Orange Young Briton, named John Gilbert, left Orange Hall in a carriage furnished by the corporation. As he proceeded home he was attacked by an infuriated mob and beaten almost to death. Later in the day, Mayor Beaudry, who had occupied a seat all the morning on St. James Street, directly opposite the Orange Hall, whence he could conveniently direct the movements of the constabulary, ordered the arrest of several leading Orangemen, with a view of testing their right to parade under the law. During the afternoon the Orangemen left the hall in cabs containing two or three at a time, under escort of the regular police. General Selby Smythe at seven o'clock ordered the troops to their respective quarters, and the streets assumed a quiet aspect. There can be no doubt

that, had it not been for the vigilance of the authorities, a riot unequalled in violence and loss of life would have attended the attempt of the Orangemen to parade.

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

##### The Berlin Congress.

In a previous issue we gave a view of Prince Bismarck's new official residence, on Williamstrasse, formerly known as the Radziwill Palace, but which was purchased a few years ago by the Empire and fitted up as a mansion for the Imperial Chancellor. The palace, an old-fashioned structure in the flat Renaissance style, characteristic of the latter part of the eighteenth century, occupies three sides of a quadrangle, the fourth being taken up by a paved court with a garden in front. A wide hall and a spacious staircase lead to the central circular saloon in which the sessions of the Berlin Congress were held. All the apartments are in white stucco, with Grecian columns. Close to the saloon is Prince Bismarck's study and a reception-hall, furnished in gorgeous Persian taste. All the rooms, except those in the wing occupied by the Prince's family, were placed at the disposal of the Plenipotentiaries; and our illustration this week gives a chatty view of one them, while the Ambassadors were partaking of lunch and wine during a recess of the Congress.

##### Funeral of John A. MacGahan.

John A. MacGahan, a native of Ohio, well known as the war correspondent of the *Daily News*, of London, died at Constantinople on Sunday, June 9th, of spotted fever, accompanied by epileptic fits. He had been ill since his arrival from San Stefano, a fortnight previous. He had gone safely through all the vicissitudes and dangers of the campaign, being continually under fire by the side of General Skobelev, the younger, with whom he was on intimate terms. Mr. MacGahan was a universal favorite, both with his colleagues and with the Russian authorities, and his death was deeply regretted by all, and particularly by General Skobelev, who attended the funeral as one of the chief mourners. The pall was held by the correspondents of the *Daily News*, *Times*, *Telegraph*, *Standard* and *Graphic*. In addition to General Skobelev, Colonel Chambers Maynard, of the American Legation; the officers of the United States dispatch boats, the British Assistant Judge, and a number of well-known persons of position, attended to show their respect for the deceased.

##### The Paris Exhibition.

The northern vestibule of the Fine-Arts Gallery is situated in the Champ-de-Mars buildings at the meeting-point of the French and the foreign sections of the International Exhibition. Its facade is composed of three vast arches, upheld by great square pillars, and forming a triple portico, which has a grand aspect; while the architectural lines are agreeably softened by the mild yellowish-white tint of the structure in general. There is a spacious forecourt, beyond which is the entrance to the Fine-Arts Gallery, betokened over the doorway by the model of a Greek temple, with a hemicycle of a colonnade extended in rear of it, and to right and left; all of gray material, but suffused with a delicate rosy tinge. The side entrances, leading respectively to the French and to the foreign sections, are decorated with colored landscape designs, upon a surface of porcelain or earthenware tiles, below which are represented, by colossal female figures, the arts of Sculpture, Architecture, Painting, Engraving, Pottery, and Metallurgy, each with her proper tools. The Algerian pavilion, in the grounds of the Trocadéro, is one of the handsomest structures of the Exhibition. Great care has been taken to avoid the exaggerated Oriental style to which many French architects are so greatly addicted, and the whole court has been planned after the model of various mosques and palaces at Tlemcen. The chief entrance, which is surmounted by a magnificent open-work dome, is copied from the well-known Mosque of Sidi-bou-Medina, while the side entrances are taken from the Mosque of Medersa. The interior is a rectangular court, with a garden in the centre, filled with Algerian plants and a marble fountain, while the surrounding arcades, characteristically ornamented with Moorish arabesque work, contain the exhibits forwarded by France's great African colony. The Japanese structure has a simple and solid aspect, resembling the portal of a half-fortified mansion, with massive timber-frames at the sides; but it is adorned with two handsome porcelain fountains, and each of these is designed to represent the stump of a tree supporting a shell, into which the water is poured from a large flower. Before entering the porch a large map of Japan and a plan of the City of Tokio are seen displayed on the walls to right and left. The "farm" is inclosed by a bamboo palisade, and the building itself stands in a handsome garden, the rooms of the house being destitute of windows, and the shelter-mats which protect the inmates from the weather being rolled up in order to exhibit the interior, which is fitted up in orthodox Japanese fashion. The Spanish exhibition building consists of a central pavilion, with two side pavilions, in the Moresque style, connected by short galleries. Some of its features are borrowed from the Alhambra and the Alcazar of Grenada; some from the Cathedral of Cordova, and other Moorish buildings in Spain. The arches, of horse-shoe form, in the lower part of the edifice, are succeeded in the upper stories by ogival arches of Saracenic type, while the slender pillars, which seem to uphold the principal front, have a light and graceful air, not incompatible with real strength.

##### Bush-Fighting with Caffres.

This scene of irregular warfare in a South African forest looks rather like a chance skirmish by some detached party of "Rangers" with an unknown number of the enemy caught lurking in ambush to waylay a convoy on the neighboring road from one fortified station to another. There has been a good deal of this sort of incidental fighting, by the colonial volunteers and their local allies, in districts where the regular troops under command of General Thesiger, or of his predecessor at the beginning of the late war, could not for some time be brought into action. At last advises the Caffre war appeared to be almost ended, only a few small and roving bands holding out. The Gaika chief has been killed, and the other leaders forced to surrender.

##### The Indian Troops at Malta.

On June 17th His Royal Highness, the Duke of Cambridge, Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, held a review of all the Indian native soldiery at Malta, consisting of 1,600 horses and 6,500 men. After these had marched and dashed by him they were followed by the Royal and Maltese Artillery, the Royal Engineers, and seven English regiments, numbering altogether 5,000 men. In the sketch the Duke of Cambridge, with Sir Arthur Borton, the Governor, and Sir James Airey, commander of the English troops behind him, sits on horseback and returns the salute of the cavalry riding past him at a trot. These are the First Bombay Lancers. Each horse in the regiment is the property of the rider, who is, therefore, to a certain extent, a man of some little position and means. There are certain service regulations for compensation in case of loss or damage received by the horse; but no man can join the regiment without producing a suitable charger or paying down the necessary sum for its purchase.

#### AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—The school population of this country is said to be 14,306,000.

—BOLIVIA has a remarkable army, the officers numbering 1,166, and the privates only 2,000.

—A SINGLE firm of Sheffield, England, has this year ordered 50,000 dozen of American hay-rakes.

—THE Massachusetts Assembly has rejected a resolution to grant \$25,000 to the Agricultural College of that State.

—CARDIFF, Wales, is making efforts to be constituted a port for the importation of cattle, with a fair prospect of success.

—COLONEL FORNEY says the artists in Paris and Rome are not as well paid as a class as good house-painters in Philadelphia.

—IT is proposed to reclaim the lands of western Utah with artesian wells, which yield water abundantly from moderate depths.

—ANY one that waters milk that is offered for sale in Wisconsin is liable to be fined not less than \$25 nor more than \$100 for such an offense.

—THE first telegraph line in Japan was established near the end of 1869, and now there are 125 stations and 5,000 miles of wire in operation.

—THE Bible has been printed in thirty different languages for the benefit of the aborigines of this country and of Greenland, British America and Mexico.

—IN the United States there are five hundred and thirty females practicing as doctors, forty-two as dentists, five lawyers, and sixty-eight as preachers.

—THE Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals recently held its fifty-fourth anniversary meeting in London. It obtained 2,726 convictions last year.

—THE British Government will require an increase of revenue this year over last of about £3,500,000, but the returns of the quarter just ended shows a falling off of about £50,000.

—OUT of 294,382 men admitted into the French army in 1877, only 4,992 were unable to read and write. This is regarded as a very strong proof of the stride education has made in that country.

—THE contractors for convict labor in the Vermont State Prison give each prisoner a plug of tobacco every week, and about 2,700 more hats are made a year than would otherwise be turned out.

—THE raised in South Carolina and prepared in Baltimore was lately exhibited in Washington to dealers, who were unable to distinguish it from similar varieties of Chinese and Japanese growth.

—A NEW YORK physician has made the discovery that "not one person in three has legs of equal length, and that the number of left legs longer than they need be is nearly double that of the right."

—THE Government of New Zealand has offered a bonus of £5,000 for the first five hundred tons of beet-root sugar produced in the North Island, and a similar bonus for the same quantity grown in Middle Island.

—THE Japanese, influenced, perhaps, to some extent by the bright consequences of the absence of easy communication in China, as illustrated by the famine, are taking measures for inland communication.

—THE Union Methodist Church, of Philadelphia, has celebrated its seventy-seventh anniversary. It has had forty pastors, among whom were two who became bishops, and many who were prominent in the church.

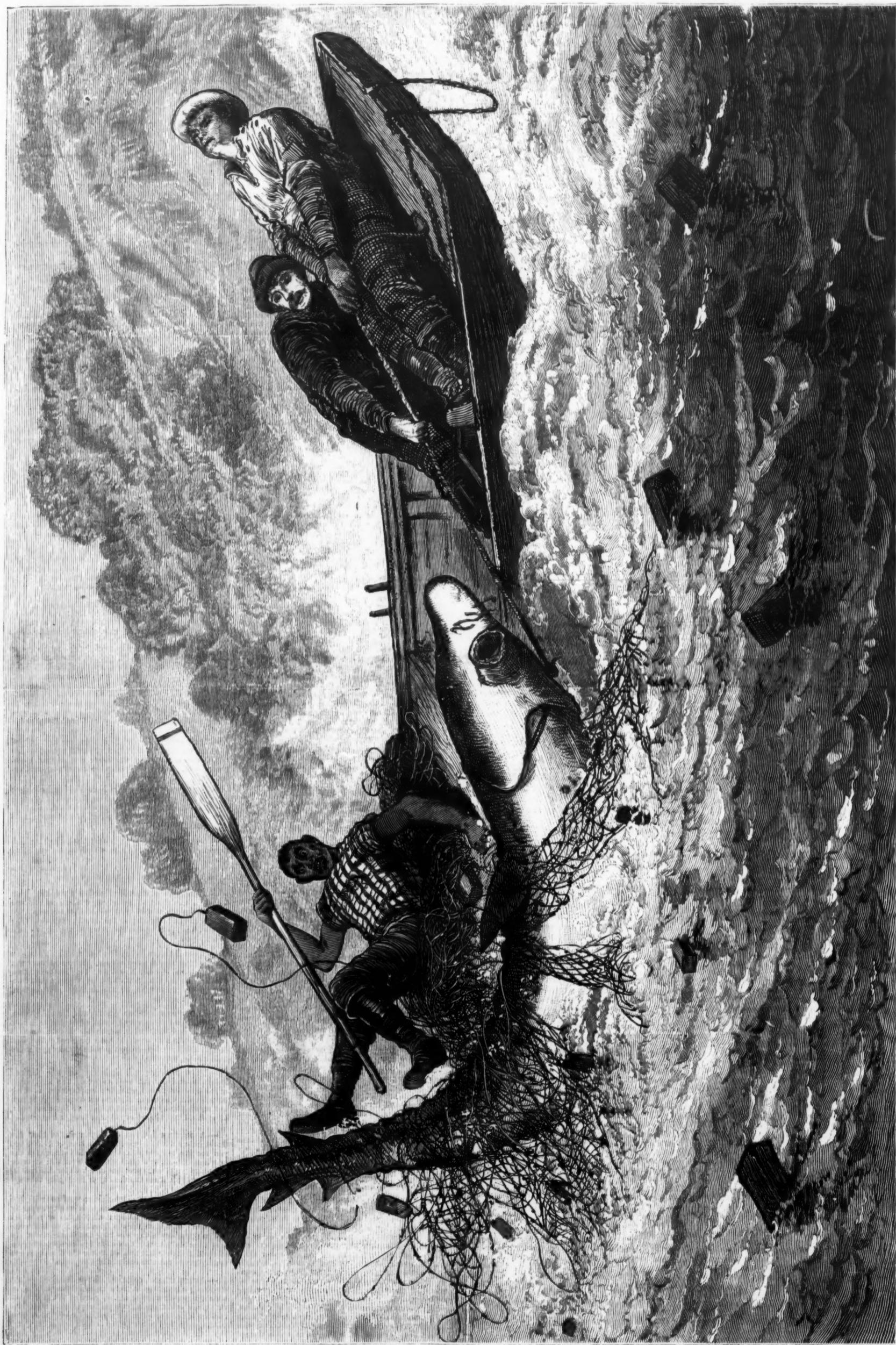
—DISPATCHES from Fiji give an account of a great earthquake at Tauna, New Hebrides, which raised the earth along the shore and harbor about twenty feet. Millions of hat were thrown up and destroyed.

—SOME of the smaller New England colleges are still living beyond their means. Dartmouth is before the State Legislature with an appeal for aid, and Williams closes the year with an income of \$49,000 to meet expenses of \$51,000.

—CORINNE, the Gentile town of Utah, which Brigham Young founded, is in a decline for the third time, the Mormons having taken up the railroad connection and got possession of the steamers which formerly made the place a freighting centre.

—MENTION of the Berlin Congress has been found in the Bible, in *Zachariah*, viii., 23, as follows: "In those days, it shall come to pass that ten men shall take hold of all languages of the nations, even shall take hold of the skirt of him that is a Jew, saying, we will go with you."

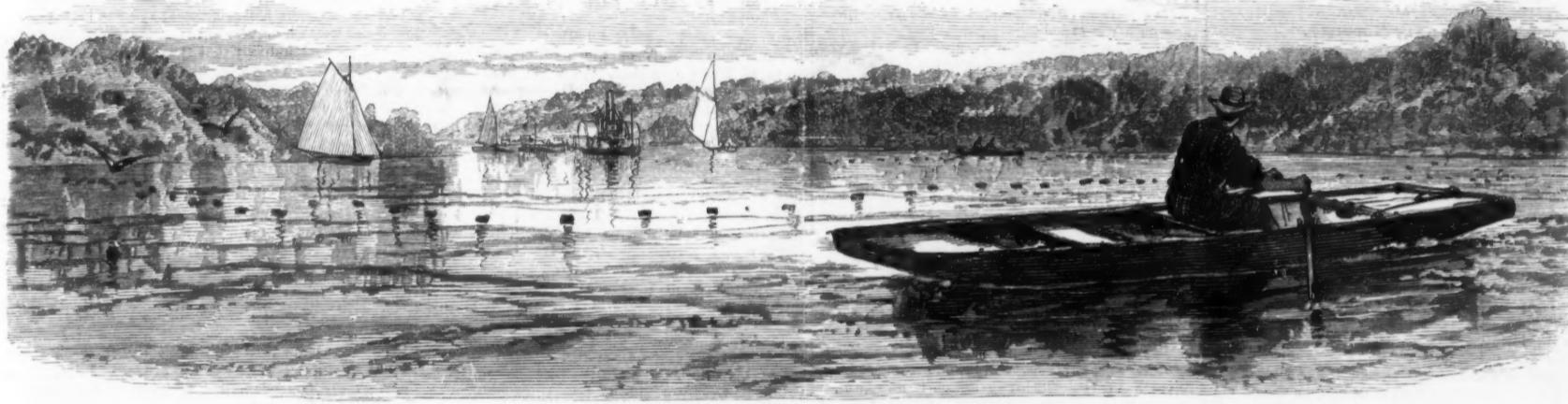
—NEW JERSEY takes the lead in the States in the manufacture of window-glass. It has 34 factories. Pennsylvania has 30;



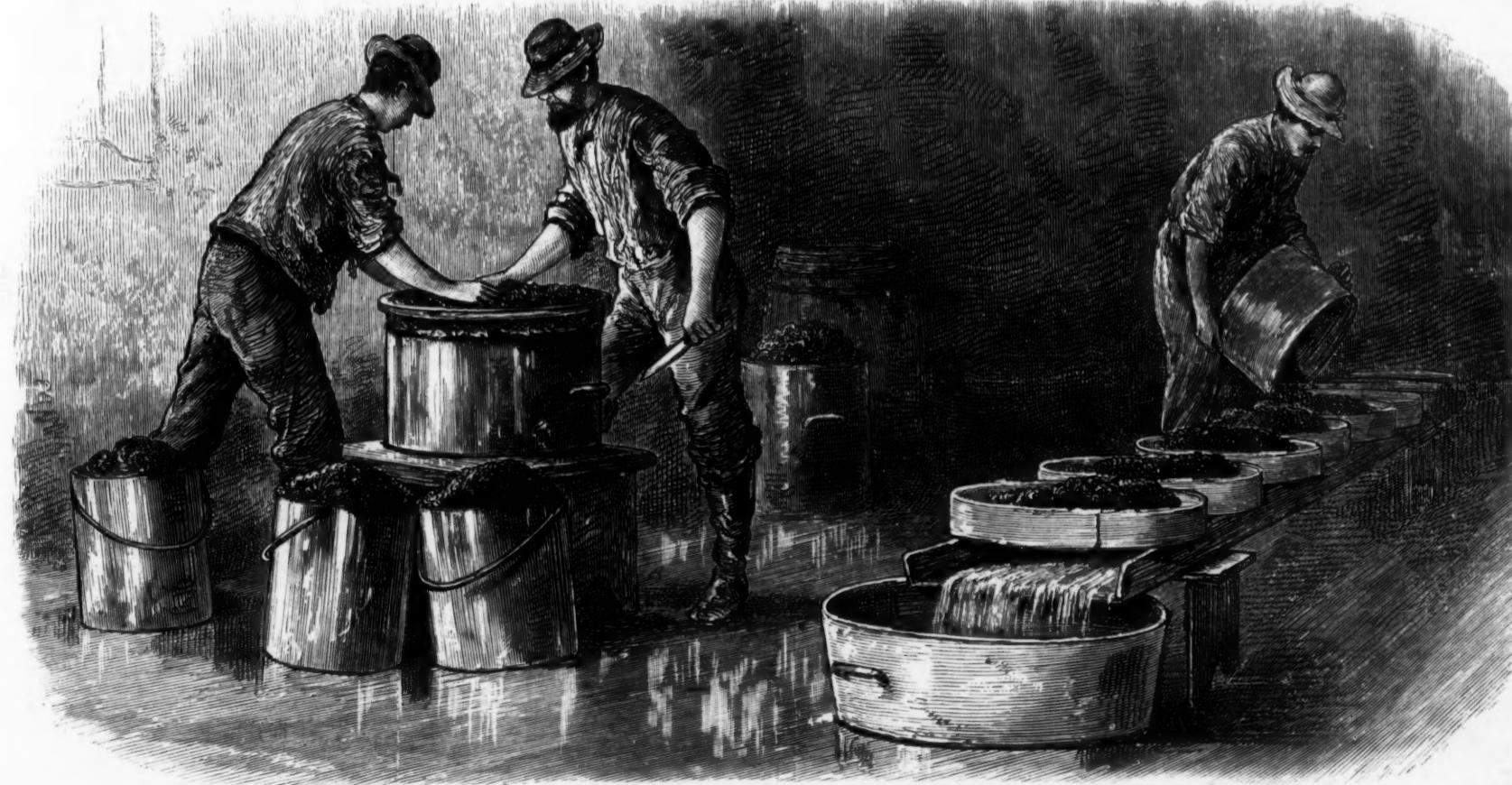
NEW YORK.—AMERICAN INDUSTRIES—STURGEON-FISHING AT HYDE PARK, ON THE HUDSON—HAULING A STURGEON BY A NOOSE FROM THE NET INTO THE SCOW.—From SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 370.



REMOVING THE ROE FOR THE MANUFACTURE OF CAVIARE.



WATCHING THE NET BUOYS FOR A STRIKE OF FISH.



MANUFACTURING CAVIARE FROM THE ROE, IN THE CAVIARE CELLAR.

NEW YORK.—AMERICAN INDUSTRIES—STURGEON-FISHING AT HYDE PARK, ON THE HUDSON.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 370.

## MY LOST LOVE.

WHERE the brook smilingly  
Shone 'neath the Summer sky  
Strayed I in days gone by  
With my lost love;  
Through the woods' deep retreat  
Wandered our happy feet,  
And o'er us clear and sweet  
Cooed the wood-dove.

In that enchanted spot  
Earthly cares found us not;  
All perfect seemed our lot,  
Wrapt in Love's dream.  
There in the glad noon-tide,  
Watching the shadows glide,  
Sat we oft side by side,  
Lulled by the stream.

But now through mist of tears,  
Dead to Life's hopes and fears,  
I face the weary years  
Sad and alone;  
All joy my heart can know  
Is but the after-glow,  
Now they have laid thee low  
Under the stone.

As I roam wild and wood,  
On the bright past to brood,  
I in my solitude  
Welcome the night;  
Then mine eyes cease to weep  
For in the silence deep  
Rise in my tired sleep  
Visions of light.

Once more our hands entwine,  
Once more I drink Love's wine,  
Press thy sweet lips to mine,  
Kiss thy soft cheek;  
Then I thy form enfold,  
As in the days of old,  
When I my love-tale told,  
Thy love to seek.

But, when night's portals shake,  
And in the dawn I wake,  
Over my senses break  
Waves of despair;  
Vainly my eager hands  
Strain to the spirit-lads  
Striving to burst their bands—  
Thou art not there!

Oh, love so early lost,  
Dear as thou ever wast,  
Still to my tempest-tost  
Soul thou art now!  
E'en to eternity  
I am all true to thee—  
Leal to thy memory,  
Leal to my vow.

## ROY'S WIFE.

G. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE.

## CHAPTER XXIV.—(CONTINUED.)

HOW Brail's honest heart thrilled as he felt that hand lie so lightly on his sleeve! What would he have done could he have known what I know, that Hester had discovered him ten minutes ago, and kept this dance disengaged on purpose? I think he would have gone down on his knees to her before the whole quadrille, taking his chance of removal to a mad-house or a police-station then and there.

She was not going to confess how much she liked him for a partner, but she did whisper, with a pretty little blush:

"Lady Pandora takes me out, you know, when papa is engaged. She gives a ball of her own on the 18th."

He had not served so short an apprenticeship but that he could accept the hint, and turned his mind at once to the problem of how he should get an invitation. On reflection, he determined he would ask Lady Pandora to go down to supper, and pay her with champagne.

Miss Bruce did not fail to notice his abstraction, and expressed her disapproval.

"Have you anything to tell me about your travels?" said she, with a toss of her handsome little head. "You might have been no further than Putney, for all I have heard yet."

"Do you care to know?" he asked, feeling exceedingly foolish, and trying not to look too much in love. "Haven't you forgotten all about ships and sailors in that long eighteen months?"

"Why should you think I have so short a memory? Is it out of sight out of mind with you directly you get into blue water? That is what I ought to say, if I remember right. Your *éis-à-vis* is dancing alone. Why don't you attend to the figure?"

So he was compelled to break off at this interesting juncture and go cruising about, as he called it, over the well-planked floor. Before he could bring to again Miss Bruce's mood had changed.

"I wonder you don't write a book," said she; "an account of your Arctic adventures. I am sure it would be very funny."

"Funny!"

"Well, I mean very interesting. My cousin Frank wrote a narrative of his voyage to the Scilly Islands. I didn't read it, but everybody said it was capital."

"Everybody is interested in the Scilly Islands; nobody would buy a book about the North Pole."

"Nonsense! It would bring you in loads of money. I will take half a dozen copies myself."

"Why need you? Don't you know that I should like nothing better than to sit and spin yarns to you from morning to night? Don't you know—"

"Don't you know that you are *cavalier seul*? Really, Mr. Brail, I have danced with a great many inattentive partners, but you are quite the most careless of all!"

"You would make any partner inattentive. And it's just the same when you are leagues and leagues away. Do you know, Miss Bruce, one night when it was my middle watch, and I was thinking of you—"

"What's a middle watch? You can't wear three watches at a time! I never heard of more than two, and then only on Dick Turpin and Claude Duval—*grand rend*: give that lady your

other hand. Now make me a sea-bow, and take me back to Lady Pandora. Perhaps she will ask you to her ball."

Surely this was encouragement enough. Surely he need not have felt disappointed that he could make no more of the opportunities offered by their dance, and that the sentiments he would fain have expressed were cut short by the exigencies of the figure. Whether or no, his life had at least taught him at all times to improve the occasion, and when Miss Bruce was carried off in the gyrations of a waltz by a long-legged gentleman with a glass in his eye, Mr. Brail did his best to ingratiate himself with the formidable lady who had his treasure in charge.

This was a less difficult task than he expected, for the girl had whispered to her chaperon that he was "the famous Mr. Brail, the great Arctic explorer." And her ladyship, who dearly loved anything in the shape of a celebrity, was prepared to afford him the more homage that she had not the remotest idea where, or why, or how he had earned his claim.

When a lady has become, I will not say too old, but too heavy, to dance, it is touching to observe how unselfishly she resigns that wild excitement, those turbulent pastimes, for which the majesty of her figure is now unfitted, and contents herself with the many pleasures she has left. Because obliged to sit on a chair against the wall, it does not therefore follow that she has become wholly unattractive to the simpler sex. While lighter limbs are bouncing and darting and getting hot in the turmoil of the dancing-room, she may while away many pleasant moments in the cooler atmosphere of the gallery, conservatory or staircase, with that interchange of sentiment and opinion which is just too earnest for small-talk, too conventional for flirtation. Should it overlap the bounds of the latter, is it the less welcome? Should it fall short of the former, is there not the unfailing resource of the supper-rooms? And can anything be more delightful than a judicious combination of all three? It is a closer race than we might imagine at first sight between the matron with her champagne-glass and the maiden with her teacup; a trifling individual superiority will balance the attraction either way, and taking mamma to supper is in many instances a much lighter penance than young ladies are apt to suppose.

Brail, as became his profession, was chivalrously courteous to all women, irrespective of weight or age. His genial nature and manly bearing made an exceedingly favorable impression on Lady Pandora, though I fear he did not return her good opinion, confiding subsequently to Hester that she reminded him of the figure-head of a ship.

Meanwhile, he plied her ladyship freely with refreshments and information about the Arctic Circle, storing her mind with many remarkable facts, to become still more remarkable as she reproduced them in her crowded dinner-parties.

"That's an agreeable man, my dear," observed Lady Pandora to her charge, while they drove home in the calm, clear morning. "How polite he was about the carriage, and he got it in five minutes. Sailors are always so ready. He liked my dress too, and thought the trimming very pretty. Sailors always have such good taste; I suppose because they see so much variety. I like him better than the young whipper-snappers you generally dance with. What did you tell me his name was?"

"Brail," answered the young lady, with rather a tender accent on the simple monosyllable.

"I'm sure to forget it, my dear. Never mind. Send him a card for the 13th. We shall have done the civil, at any rate, though I dare say he won't come."

Miss Bruce was of a different opinion, and it is needless to say that Collingwood Brail, Esq., Royal Navy, received his invitation in due form.

"Alas for Gog and Magog! Their beloved nephew again put off his visit; but they comforted each other, good, simple souls, with the conviction that he was detained for approbation of the Admiralty, would be examined before both Houses of Parliament, and in all probability sent for to Balmoral by the Queen.

How he looked forward to this particular festivity, and what a disappointment it was after all! In vain he arrived before the very music, a solecism which would have been unpardonable in a landsman, and remained to the last, even till Gunter's merry-men began to take away. Hester was engaged ten deep. He only danced with her once, when she seemed colder than usual, silent, and even depressed. Our nautical friend was quite taken aback. He could read, nobody better, the signs of mischief brewing on the horizon; the stooping clouds, the rising sea, the tokens that warned him to shorten sail and look out for squalls, but he had yet to learn how a woman's fair face may be no certain index of her mind, and how the shadow on her brow does not always mean displeasure at her heart. Greater experience would have taught him that Hester's pale cheeks and guarded tones augured suspicions of her own firmness, a mutiny, so to speak, between decks, that must be kept down by the stern rule of discipline and self-restraint. He was winning, had he only known it, hand over hand, while he believed himself drifting hopelessly to leeward, a mere water-logged wreck that could never come into port again.

He watched for a kind word, a kind look—but the girl's eyes, though he felt them on him more than once, were always averted ere they met his own, and the few words she vouchsafed would have been considered, from other lips, intolerably commonplace and inane! Too loyal to revenge himself by embarking on a series of flirtations, too dispirited to attack in force boldly and at once, which would have insured victory, he was content to stand mute in a doorway, and watch her figure as it floated by, with the humble fidelity of a dog, and something of the creature's wistful expression, half-surprised, half-reproachful, when it had been punished without cause.

How the kind face haunted Hester that night, or, I should say, that morning, while she laid her weary head against the pillow! She was dreaming of it at ten when her maid woke her with coffee, and looked for it that afternoon in a score

of places, actually bidding the coachman drive down Whitehall, past the Admiralty, on the vague chance that Mr. Brail might be going in or out.

That night she went to the French play; no Mr. Brail! He was not much of a linguist, but would have attended a comedy in Sanscrit had he known Miss Bruce was to be amongst the audience! Next day she visited the Botanic, and even the Zoological Gardens, with the same result. "Those dear white bears," as she called them, nearly made her burst out crying. At the end of a week, she had decided she was the most miserable girl in the world, and must give up all hope of ever seeing him again; but before a fortnight elapsed came the inevitable reaction, certain as the backwater from an inflowing tide. She told herself she loved him deeply. There was nothing to be ashamed of, and, come high, come low, she would marry no man on earth but Collingwood Brail.

## CHAPTER XXV.—STANDING OFF-AND-ON.

THE lieutenant, too, was having what he called "a roughish time of it." He took himself seriously to task for his own self-conceit, and came to the conclusion that it was madness for a man in his position to aim at such prize as Miss Bruce. He had too much respect for her to conclude that she was only amusing herself at his expense, and indeed knew his own value too well to encourage a suspicion so uncomplimentary to both. What he did think was, that she had begun to care for him a little, and, feeling such an attachment would not be for her future welfare, had resolved to stop while there was yet time. If this was the case, how ought he to act? Our friend had been brought up in a school that lays great stress on duty, making it, indeed, the first of all earthly considerations, and Brail's duty, he told himself, was to secure Hester's happiness at any cost. Could it be insured by his absence, he would not hesitate to get afloat again were he offered the worst berth in the worst ship that carried the royal ensign, and he wandered more than once down to the Admiralty with the intention of applying for immediate employment on the furthest possible station from home. But he paused when he reflected that, with his claims, there was little chance of such a request being denied; and if Hester should change her mind in the mean time, should really want him back when he couldn't come, the position would be even more disheartening than at present. With all his courage and self-denial, to sacrifice her, as well as himself, seemed beyond his strength. It was not for lack of consideration that he arrived at no definite conclusion. Hours and days were passed in debating the one subject that engrossed his thoughts as he walked on foot through the parks, squares and principal thoroughfares of the West-end, perhaps in the vague hope of an accidental meeting, arguing the point again and again, with a different result at every turn.

Sometimes a waft of the southern breeze, a wave of lilacs overhead, the voice of children playing in a garden, would change the whole aspect of the future, and he would tell himself that even in this life there were higher and happier aims than the giving of dinners, the keeping of carriages, or the holding one's own in general society, with something very like the effect—rotatory, but not progressive—of a squirrel in its cage. Then he would paint for himself a little cabinet picture of a snug villa, a trim lawn, perhaps a nurse with a perambulator, and Hester's figure in the foreground, as he had once seen her, rigged for a garden-party in a white chip bonnet, trimmed with forget-me-nots, and blue ribbons about her dress.

Oh! if she were only a penniless beauty, like so many of the others! If Sir Hector would but invest his all in an explosive speculation and be ruined! Gladly would he take them both to his happy little home, and share with them, oh! how freely, the modest pittance of a lieutenant's half-pay!

Having persuaded himself that such a romance was possible, he would walk on with a clearer brow and lighter tread, till his dream was dispelled by some commonplace incident that tumbled him down to the realms of reality once more—such as the giving of a shilling that he wanted for a cab to a crossing-sweeper, or the denying himself a cigar because of a washing-bill on his dressing-table, and that his month's pay was ebbing fast in the daily necessities of London life. Those kid gloves, from which Nelly drew such alarming conclusions, formed no inconsiderable item of weekly expenditure; but I think he would rather have gone without his dinner than abated one article of his personal adornment, so long as there was the remotest likelihood of meeting Miss Bruce.

And this was a man who could shin up the rigging as deftly, or pull as strong an oar in the gig, as any able seaman under his command! But in these walks abroad, that which dispirited him most was one continually recurring disappointment. London carriage-horses, particularly bays with good action, are very much alike. It requires a practised eye to distinguish brass harness and dark liveries, one set from another; while all ladies in Summer dress, bowing quickly through the air, resemble garden flowers stirred by a breeze. Ten, twenty times in an afternoon would he be startled by the approach of some well hung barouche that he fondly hoped bore Sir Hector Bruce's crest on its panels, his daughter within; and as often would the smile of welcome freeze round his lips, the hand snatching at his hat fall awkwardly to his side.

But oh! the scorn with which contemptuous beauties, well known to others, unknown to him, ignored while they detected the abortive homage thus checked ere it could be offered at their shrine! No man can long tread London pavement without observing, shall I not say admiring, the inscrutable demeanor of these high-born, high-bred ladies: "Who in Corinthian mirror their own proud smiles behold, And breathe of Capuan odors, and shine in Spanish gold;"

the eager look, the pretty bend, the flattering greeting to those gentlemen who have the honor of their acquaintance, as contrasted with the cold,

cruel indifference bestowed on all the world beside; the haughty bearing, the implied disgust, and the abstracted glance beneath half-closed lids, that seem to say, "It does not matter the least, but I wonder you presume to be alive."

Mr. Brail, who felt on such occasions that he was by no means "the right man in the right place," would then blame himself severely for "humbugging about," as he called it, when he ought to be shouting his orders from Her Majesty's quarter-deck in a monkey-jacket, with three feet of ship's telescope under his arm.

But going to the levée, as in duty bound, being presented by the captain, and kindly welcomed home from an arduous service in a few cordial words by the best judge of manly merits in the kingdom, to whom he made his bow, Brail began to rise again in his own esteem. It would not hurt a man much, he thought, who felt that he had done his duty to his country, and who found the value of his services heartily acknowledged by his prince, to be ignored by a few fine ladies.

When he backed out of that presence-chamber, through which he had passed with more trepidation than he would have felt under the fire of a harbor-battery, he could not but reflect that he was somebody after all. Officers of high standing in both services, covered with medals and decorations earned in that deadly peril which proves the genuine steel, greeted him as one of themselves. A colonel of the Guards, with an empty sleeve, put out his remaining hand; a vice-admiral of the red, bravest among the brave, noted for his hilarity of spirits at the most critical moments, patted him kindly on the back; while a dashing hussar, maimed, shattered, tanned to the bronze of his own Victoria Cross, asked him to dinner that very day. He stood among the men who make history, and he was one of them. Cabinet ministers desired his acquaintance; the most affable of bishops greeted him with a benignity

It would have been a proud day for Gog and Magog could they have witnessed their nephew's triumph. It was a proud day for Mrs. Phipps when she received to luncheon in her own parlor this handsome young sailor, fresh from his presentation, in the uniform he kept on at her particular desire, looking, as she declared, with a redundancy of aspirates on which she laid the lightest possible stress, "Happy, handsome and hearty, and a hero every inch!"

Nelly was summoned from her book-keeping to hear the whole account of the levée; waiters lingered and loitered unrebuked; housemaids peraded the passage to catch the gleam of his epaulettes; the dirty face of a charwoman peeped above the kitchen stairs; and the work of the whole establishment came to a stand-still in honor of Mr. Brail's late appearance at St. James's Palace in appropriate costume.

But all this brought him no nearer to Miss Bruce. The veterans were not in her set; she was little acquainted with differences of rank, military or naval, and it seemed unlikely that she would so much as read the list of presentations in the *Morning Post* next day. Our gallant lieutenant could not but reflect with a sigh how willingly he would exchange this bushel of glory for a grain of love or hope. Men who allow themselves to become unhappy about the other sex have various ways of betraying their discomfort. Some take to cards, some to drink, a few abjure the society of their natural enemies, scrupulously avoiding a petticoat, as a bird avoids a scarecrow; but the majority incline to seek solace in such gentle company as reminds them, not unpleasantly, of her who has done all the mischief; and, on some strange principle of homeopathy, derive considerable benefit from the soothing smiles and kindly glances women are always ready to bestow on real objects of compassion. About this time Brail began much to affect the quiet conversation of Mrs. John, to pervade the entrance hall in which stood her glass case; nay, even on occasion to invade that sanctuary and mend the pens or hold the ruler while she posted her books. Though she tolerated, rather than encouraged, these intrusions, there sprang up between the two a firm and lasting friendship, originating in interests and experiences common to both, none the less stanch and consoling that such interests and experiences were less akin to pleasure than to pain.

Each had a grief of the same nature, a wound in the affections that required the salve of sympathy and commiseration. That of the man was a mere scratch, of the woman a deep and deadly hurt. Of course, the latter bore her pangs in silence, while the former cried aloud for help.

It was not long before Brail confided to Mrs. John, as he had learned to call her, the whole story of his attachment; and Nelly, in the pitiful kindness of her nature, could not conceal from him that she had made the acquaintance of Miss Bruce during the previous Winter, that she highly appreciated her charms, both of body and mind, and that her intuitive tact as a woman had led her to detect some symptoms of a lurking preference in Hester's manner and conversation, though she had been egregiously mistaken as to the object. By degrees it came out that they both knew Lord Fitzowen, Brail having met that young nobleman more than once in the maze of London society; and Nelly was sorely tempted to give the sailor her entire confidence, in hope that she might learn something definite about Mr. Roy.

She checked herself in time; nor, indeed, was Brail disposed to take much interest in any matters but his own. To find some one who knew Miss Bruce, who admired her, who understood her, who had a suspicion that she liked him, and who would listen while he talked about her, was such a piece of good fortune as could not be too much appreciated and enjoyed. He missed no opportunity of visiting Mrs. John in her sanctum, and attended her on her affairs, so that even auntie lost patience, declaring, almost with ill-humor, "You two seem never to be apart. I'm sure whatever you've got to say to each other must have been said over and over again!"

## CHAPTER XXVI.—COUNSEL'S OPINION.

JOHN ROY returned to London with his freedom, he firmly believed, in his pocket. On that sheet of note-paper his wife had inscribed in

her own hand such expressions as were tantamount to an avowal of guilt, as would surely be held conclusive in a court of law. He dreaded the exposure, he winced from the shame, he even pitied the culprit; but while he sat in the train, reading this document over and over again, his heart grew harder with every perusal, prompting him to carry out his merciless intention to the bitter end.

"This," he thought, "comes of not marrying a lady! Why, she cannot even express herself in good English; and though I ought to have expected it, there is a vulgar tone about the whole production, not much less offensive than its actual depravity! No doubt Fitzowen's rank constituted the attraction—she could not resist the glitter of his coronet—she was glad to take me because I was a gentleman. She has deserted the gentleman for a lord; damn me, she'd throw him over for a duke! *Ce que c'est que la femme!* I ought to have known better from the first. I ought never to have believed in one of them. And yet they cannot all be so bad. There must be some, surely, who are to be trusted when one's back is turned, and who mean what they say!"

Is it not so with the rest of us? We hollered loudly when we are hurt, but we lose no time in applying plaster to the wound. "Women are all alike!" cries the indignant husband, the despairing lover. "Women are so different!" reasons the former with a second-hand consolation, the latter with a bran-new fancy; while the cynic laughs at both, and agrees with neither. "So far from women being alike," says he, "they are not the same for two hours together. So far from being different, their noblest sentiments, their most pitiful weaknesses, their best and worst qualities, are common to the whole sex." And the wise man—. My friend, there is no wise man where women are concerned, neither in fact nor fiction! Was not Merlin made a fool of in romance, and Solomon in history? Vivien is no less real than the Shunamite, and both are of all degrees, all nations, and all times.

Let us peep over John Roy's shoulder while he reads his wife's letter once again.

"**M**Y VERY DEAR LORD—I will look for you as usual on Tuesday, and expect as you will not disappoint me like you did last time. Mr. Roy is sure to be out a-hunting, so no doubt but the coast will be clear, and nobody will notice if you come right up to the front door and ring the bell—that is better than the garden-way; for servants have such sharp eyes, and always suspect something. I write because you said you was not sure you would come; but if you fail, I shall begin to think you do not care for me as I feel to care for you, my dear. I may be interrupted at any moment; so no more at present from your loving sweetheart,

"ELINOR ROY."

No date—women are very vague about dates—but her name—oh! unutterable disgrace, his name, signed in full. Every stroke of the well-known autograph correct to a hair—the very flourish with which she loved to adorn it, finished off to a scratch! There could be no mistake as to the whole meaning and intention of this shameless production. It had obviously been written at leisure, and kept back for a convenient opportunity to be posted unobserved. Tuesday! Yes, he remembered how he intended to hunt on that very Tuesday when he came to an open rupture with his wife, but changed his mind on the previous Sunday because of lame horses in the stable. It was clear enough. The letter had not, therefore, been sent, and in the hurry of departure she forgot to destroy it. No doubt there had been many such exchanged, and this one left little impression on her mind. How could such a woman write that clear, firm, Italian hand? How could she look so guileless, so fond, so handsome? He felt he must have loved her dearly once to hate her so bitterly now! But this was no time for remembrance or regret. He would act for himself, and carry the whole business through without compunction or remorse.

He did not take Lady Jane to the Aquarium, but wrote instead so affectionate a note that it caused her very heart to glow with a sense of satisfaction and triumph. While she put it away in some safer hiding-place than the bosom of a dress changed three times a day, Mr. Roy was driving into Lincoln's Inn for a personal interview with that unerring adviser, that unimpeachable authority, that unquestionable institution, the family solicitor.

I suppose nobody ever crossed the threshold of his "own man-of-business" without a painful consciousness of mental inferiority; less the result of professional inexperience, of pitiful ignorance concerning the wonderful ways of the law, than of a strange sense that he has been suddenly shifted, as it were, to the stage side of the foot-lights, and begins to see everything in life from an entirely novel point of view.

That which appeared an hour ago as clear as the sun at noon, seems now to require corroboration by a mass of evidence. The statement, prepared with so much thought and study, that carried conviction in every sentence, is found to be loose, garbled, incapable of holding water, and, in some respects, tending to furnish arguments for the other side. Facts are no longer stubborn, except in the one sense that they stubbornly elude substantiation, and the litigant is surprised to find how much he has been in the habit of taking things for granted that have no legal existence till fortified by actual proof. He doubts his own senses, memory and reasoning powers, and, vaguely conscious of a benumbing imbecility, approaches the shrine of his oracle with as little self-dependence as the most ignorant of savages asking help from his god.

A clerk in the outer office—pale, inky, but of self-important demeanor, as being brimful of law—took the client's name to his employer, and returned with "Mr. Sharpe's compliments; he was engaged at present, but would see Mr. Roy in a quarter of an hour." There was nothing for it but to wait in the office, and make the most of yesterday's *Times*, as perused in an uncomfortable attitude on a shiny high-backed chair.

"Mr. Sharpe will see you now, sir," said the clerk, when the stated time had expired, ushering out an old lady in black, smelling of peppermint and dissolved in tears. "This way, sir. Allow me, ma'am, if you please," to the lady who was fumbling helplessly at the door-handle; and John

Roy found himself fairly committed to make his statement under the critical observation of Mr. Sharpe.

"Take a seat, sir. A fine day, sir; warm, but seasonable for the time of year," were the reassuring words of that gentleman, as he scanned his client from under a pair of bushy eyebrows that gave character to a countenance in other respects commonplace enough. "We have not met for a considerable time, Mr. Roy, and I hope I see you well."

His client's mouth was dry, and his answer wholly unintelligible.

Mr. Sharpe, fitting the tips of his fingers together with the utmost nicety, afforded no more assistance, but waited for the other to begin.

It was no easy job.

"Mr. Sharpe," he stammered, "I have come to consult you professionally—professionally—you understand; of course, in the strictest confidence; entirely between ourselves, and to go no further."

Mr. Sharpe bowed. He was used to these preliminaries, accepting them with mild contempt.

"My business," continued John Roy, sadly discomposed, "is of a very disagreeable kind."

"Nothing remarkable in that, sir!" returned his solicitor. "If business were not usually disagreeable, we lawyers would have nothing to do."

"The fact is, Mr. Sharpe, that I—that I—I have reason to be much dissatisfied with my wife."

"Nothing remarkable in that, sir!" repeated his adviser. "Forgive me for saying so, it is a *commune malum*, for which there is no remedy at common law. May I ask, sir, is the lady residing at present under your roof?"

"Not the least! That is what I came to talk about. She has left her home for several weeks, and I have no means of ascertaining where she is."

Mr. Sharpe grew more attentive, but waited for his client to go on.

"I have reason to believe she came to London," resumed the visitor, "and perhaps I might be able to trace her movements if I chose to take the trouble; but, having quitted my house at her own caprice, she shall not re-enter it with my consent. I mean to state my case fairly, and ask your assistance to set me free."

"One word, Mr. Roy. Is there no prospect of reconciliation? Ladies are apt to be hasty—inconsiderate, and repent when it is too late. I should be willing to mediate between you—not professionally, you understand, but as a private friend."

"It is no question of anything of the kind," replied the other, in great heat and excitement. "Matters are so bad that I am justified, morally, and, I believe, legally, in cutting myself adrift from a woman who has dishonored me."

"That is a grave accusation," replied Mr. Sharpe, with some solemnity. "May I ask, sir, if you have any proofs?"

"Judge for yourself!" returned the other, placing Nelly's letter on the table. "If that is not proof, I don't know what they require. I'll have a divorce, Mr. Sharpe, as sure as you sit there, if it costs me ten thousand pounds.

(To be continued.)

#### Consumption of Narcotics.

SOME curious statistics as to the consumption of narcotics and stimulants by the world in general are given in a late report of Mr. Jez Killebrew, the commissioner of agriculture in Tennessee. Paraguay tea, it is computed, is used by 10,000,000 human beings, coca by 10,000,000, chicory by 40,000,000, cocoa by 50,000,000, and coffee by 100,000,000. The consumers of betel are set down at 100,000,000, those of hashish at 300,000,000, and those of opium in one or another form at 400,000,000. These figures are, however, eclipsed by the proportions of the demand for Chinese tea, which is said to be used by half a billion; while the consumers of tobacco are not only still more widely distributed, but present the astonishing aggregate of 800,000,000. According to a careful estimate prepared for this report, tobacco is more generally used than any other single article of commerce consumed by man. The United States in 1860 produced more than 430,000,000 pounds of tobacco, but ten years afterwards the yield of the plantations had dwindled to about 260,000,000. The report does not state the exact quantity grown in any subsequent year; but it seems that the exports alone in 1875 reached about 220,000,000 pounds, valued at more than \$25,000,000. According to the United States Bureau of Statistics, leaf tobacco, valued at nearly \$29,000,000, was sent out of the country in the year ending June 30th, 1877. These figures would make tobacco rank sixth in the list of exported staples from the United States, cotton, breadstuffs, petroleum, and the precious metals alone exceeding it in importance. In 1875 the best customer of the United States for tobacco was Germany, which, notwithstanding the large quantity grown in Prussia, took 56,000,000 pounds, while Great Britain, which produces none, took only 54,000,000 pounds.

#### Telephoniana.

In France they have applied the telephone to marine purposes. The French warsteamer *Desaix* had to tow out from Toulon the old ship *Argonaute*. A conducting wire was rolled around one of the towing cables, with an end on board each vessel. The electric current was formed by the action of the sea water on the copper sheathing of the ships. A telephone was introduced in the circuit on each, and communication established between them. During the whole time of the navigation, conversation could be carried on as easily between the officers of the two vessels as if they had been seated in the same cabin. The next step was to apply the telephone to the work of the diver. One of the glasses of the helmet is replaced by a copper plate, in which is inserted a telephone, so that the man has only a slight movement of the head to make in order to receive communications or report observations. The advantages of such an arrangement are obvious. Frequently at sea the necessity arises of examining the keel or bottom of a ship. The diver descends and is able to give an account of all he sees and does, and receive instructions without having to be brought to the surface to give explanations, as has hitherto been the case. By the use of the telephone a man at the bottom of the sea can remain in constant verbal communication

with those at the surface. But the most singular application of the telephone is reported from New South Wales, where Mr. Severn claims that he has made the deaf to hear by means of it. After describing a very simple telephone which he constructed out of a tin can, the closed end of which he opened and covered with a piece of parchment, passing a fine string through the centre and making a knot inside, Mr. Severn says: "Make a loop over the forehead of the listener (the deaf man), cause him to place the palms of his hands flat and hard against the ears, let the loop pass over the hands, and now this listener will hear the faintest whisper, let him be deaf or not. This fact may appear extraordinary, it is nevertheless true that a deaf man may thus be made to hear with entire facility." The carbon telephone of Mr. Edison is particularly adapted for the use of deaf mutes.

#### SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

**T**he Study of Marine Zoology.—A laboratory for the study of marine zoology, in connection with the biological department of the Johns Hopkins University, will be organized this Summer at Fort Wool, about a mile from Old Point Comfort, Virginia. The fort contains commodious buildings for laboratories and dormitories, and, through the courtesy of the Secretary of War, has been placed at the disposal of the University for the Summer. The necessary apparatus for collecting and studying marine animals, nets, dredges, microscopes, reagents, aquaria, tables, etc., as well as a small scientific library, will be provided by the University. Through the kindness of the Maryland Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, the boats used by the Commission will be at the service of the laboratory. Dr. W. K. Brooks, Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md., will have charge of the school, which will open about June 15th and close the middle of August. The laboratory is organized for advanced students, but a few beginners will be received on proper recommendation.

**T**he Waste of Gas Manufacture.—When the manufacture of gas was first introduced into New York City all the refuse was allowed to run to waste into the river; but as this soon became a nuisance the company were forced to hire persons to carry it away. After a few years some one obtained the contract for all the waste, on payment of a few cents for each hogshead, and long before the expiration of this arrangement so many discoveries had been made that the contractor proved a mine of wealth to the possessor of it. A remarkable proof of the present value of the waste is seen in the fact that the Bradford Town Council have been offered more than \$10,000 per annum, for the next seven years, for the refuse of the city gasworks. The average price received for the same refuse during the last ten years was \$800, and the contractor who has paid this sum for seven years increased his offer to \$8,000 for the next period. The increase is partly due to the advance in price of sulphate of ammonia, but is mainly occasioned by the aniline and other products now obtained from the products of coal distillation.

**L**ighting Railroad Cars by Electricity.—Car-lighting is a problem which ought to be solved as definitely within the next ten years as the inventor of the air-brake settled the proper method of controlling trains in motion. It is scarcely probable that the result will be attained by the development of any of the illuminants now in use, as they have been subjected to thorough trial. Oils and tallow do not answer for properly lighting long cars, and we have reached the limit of all that can be accomplished through them. There was a time when it appeared probable that gas would be condensed and rendered portable for use on railway trains, as it is on steamers and large vessels; this appears to have been given up as unfeasible. The probable car-lamp of the future is the electric candle. The magneto electric machine can be run by the locomotive engine, which will generate electricity enough to light every passenger-car to the brilliancy of day, and with no more trouble to the train-men than the simple connecting of a wire or two when the cars are coupled on, and no danger of explosions or setting fire to the cars in case of accident.

**S**ound as a Motive Power.—M. Dvorak has constructed an acoustic reaction wheel and an acoustic torsion balance. The former consists of four light paper or glass resonators placed tangentially at the four ends of two thin cross-bars of wood, pivoted at their intersecting point by means of a glass cap. The mouths of the resonators are all in the same relative positions. The wheel is placed before the end of a tuning-fork resonator, and enters into rotation when the fork is sounded. In another case the sound from the large resonator is transmitted through a conical tube, beyond whose thin end is a wheel with square pieces at the end of the cross-arms. In the acoustic torsion balance a wooden bar, furnished with a resonator, is hung by a wire within a case which has on the resonator side an opening for admission of sound. By repulsion of the resonator the strength of tones of the same number of vibrations may be composed. Mr. Crooke, of London, has made us acquainted with a light-mill, and it would not be very surprising if, as a result of modern research, we were to be provided with a sound-mill capable of performing work.

**P**roperties of Metallic Glucinum.—The precious emerald and the common beryl contain about 14 per cent. of a very rare metal, to which, owing to the sweetish taste of its salts, the name of glucinum has been given. The manner of preparing the oxide of the metal was subjected to an exhaustive study by Professor Joy, and recently the metal has been prepared in considerable quantity by Nilson and Pettersson. Glucinum is a gray metal, resembling steel or tin, and very light. Its specific gravity is 1.901. It is hard and has a great tendency to crystallize. Cast in shot, the metal breaks under the hammer. It does not fade at a temperature which volatilizes chloride of sodium. It does not alter in the air, and remains unchanged at red heat in a current of oxygen. The vapor of sulphur has no action upon it. In the oxidizing flame of a blowpipe the metal becomes covered with a film of oxide without exhibiting the usual phenomenon of ignition. It does not decompose water at ordinary temperature or at a high heat. Hydrochloric acid, sulphurated hydrogen, caustic potash and caustic soda are decomposed by metallic glucinum, with evolutions of hydrogen. Nitric acid attacks the metal very gently. The specific gravity of the metal is 1.64, and its specific heat 0.4084.

**A**n Atlas of Colorado.—The Atlas of Colorado, soon to be issued by the United States Geological Survey of the Territories, under Professor F. V. Hayden, embodies the results of the geological and geographical work of the survey during the years from 1873 to 1876 inclusive. This atlas will contain the following maps: 1. A general drainage map of Colorado, on a scale of twelve miles to the inch. 2. An economic map of the same region, having as its basis the above-mentioned drainage map. This map will indicate the areas of arable, pasture, timber, coal, mineral and desert land in as great detail as possible on the scale. 3. A general geological map, on which the areas covered by the principal formations will be shown. The drainage map will form the basis for this also. 4. A map showing the scheme of the primary triangulation in the State. Scale, twelve miles to the inch. 5. Six topographical sheets, showing the same area as that covered by the

general drainage map, but in much more detail. The scale of these sheets is four miles to an inch. The relief of the country is indicated by contour lines, at vertical intervals of 200 feet. The area covered by each of these sheets is 11,500 square miles. 6. Six geographical sheets, of which the bases are the six topographical sheets just mentioned. On these the detailed geology is expressed by colors. With the appearance of this map Colorado will be better known, topographically and geologically, than any other State.

#### PERSONAL GOSSIP.

**M**R. GLADSTONE, a London paper says, is no longer invited to State dinners.

At every birth in Eugene Hale's family, Father-in-law Zach Chandler sends a check for \$20,000.

**P**aul de Cassagnac has been married to Mlle. Achard, who is said to bring him a large fortune.

**V**ICTOR HUGO has entirely recovered from the brief indisposition brought on by his labors at the Literary Congress.

**T**HE Princess of Wales, the Crown Prince of Denmark, her brother, and the heir to the Belgian throne, are all deaf.

**P**rinCE EUGENE DE LEUCHTENBERG is about to be married to Mlle. Skobieff, sister of the famous general of that name.

**B**ISHOP WHITTLE of Virginia refuses to administer the rite of confirmation to any one who persists in the practice of round-dancing.

**C**OUNT HERBERT von BISMARCK, the eldest son of the German Chancellor, and his brother, have both become candidates for the German Parliament.

**P**ROFESSOR YOUNG, Dr. Henry Draper and other scientists are to observe the eclipse of the sun on July 29th at a camp about twenty miles south of Denver.

**T**HIS Emperor of Germany has named Professor von Brücke, of Vienna, and the mathematician, C. Hermite, of Paris, as Knights of the Order of Merit for Science and Art.

**T**HIS Catholics have gained another seat in the House of Lords, the late Earl of Ashburnham being succeeded by his son, Lord St. Asaph, a 'vert of four or five years' standing.

**J**OHN BRIGHT hates persons and men of war, and his youngest daughter is about to marry Mr. Richard Curry, son of the late Admiral Curry and stepson of Dr. Collis, Vicar of Stratford.

**T**HE Duchess of Galliera has resolved to bequeath to the municipality of Paris her collection of paintings and sculptures, with a site for a museum and square between Rue Morny and Avenue Trocadéro.

**T**HE son of the late Minister Okubo, murdered on May 14th, has been promoted to the class of hereditary nobles; likewise the son of Minister Kido, who died a year ago while in the Emperor of Japan's personal service.

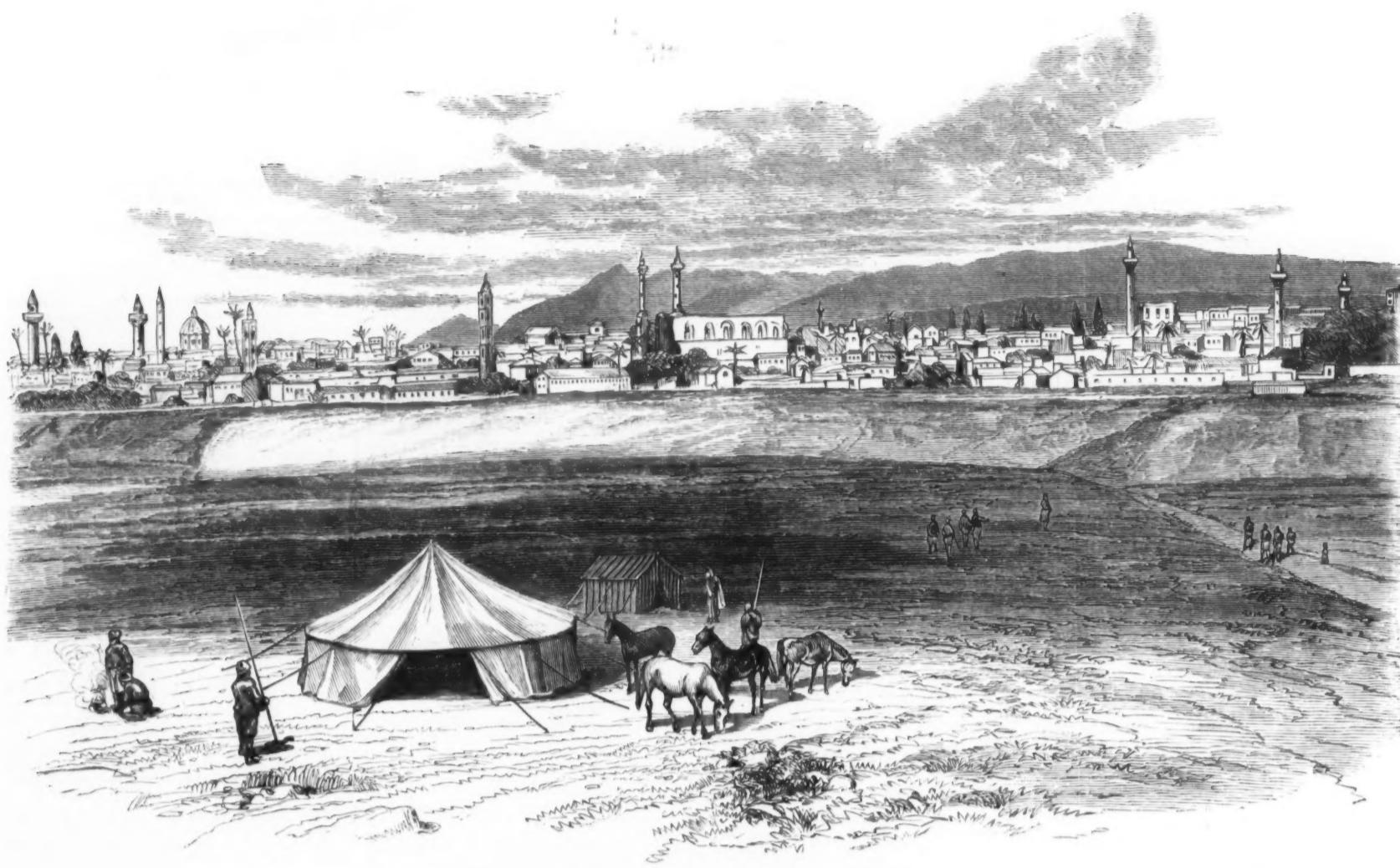
**D**R. DON RAFAEL VALENTIN VALDIVIEZO, Archbishop of Santiago, Chile, died in Santiago on June 9th. Francisco de Paule Jaforo, the most liberal and advanced of the Chilean bishops, has been elected to take the late Archbishop's place.

**T**HIS Prince of Wales has originated a scheme by which artisans will be sent to the Paris Exhibition free of cost, on condition that each man, on his return, submits a written report on his own especial industry. The scheme is warmly supported in the manufacturing districts of England.

**J**ESSIE POMEROY, the boy murderer, is in bad odor at the Concord prison. He was lately allowed to work, but willfully spoiled \$75 worth of stock, and now none of the officers are allowed to speak to him, his reading permit is taken from him and he has to endure solitary confinement, with nothing to do.

**C**APTAIN ISAAC BASSETT, the veteran doorkeeper of the United States Senate, is seriously ill at his home on Capitol Hill, Washington. Captain Bassett has been an employé of the Senate for forty-six years. The first position he held was that of page, which he secured in 1832 through the influence of Daniel Webster.

**P**ROFESSOR FRUS, of Christiania, who has been engaged for years in the preparation of a complete dictionary of the Lapp language, has nearly brought his work to a conclusion. This language is richer than most of the northern



VIEW OF THE CITY OF NICOSIA, CAPITAL OF THE ISLAND.

## THE ISLAND OF CYPRUS.

THE island of Cyprus, over which the flag of Great Britain has just been raised, in pursuance of the secret treaty between the Government of that country and Turkey, lies in the eastern part of the Mediterranean Sea, and has a length of about one hundred and forty miles, with a breadth of from fifteen to forty miles. The distance from its extreme eastern point to the nearest point of the coast of Syria is sixty-five miles, while on the north the distance from its shore line to the coast of Asia Minor is about eighty-four miles. The population of the island is about two hundred thousand, of whom two-thirds are Greeks and the rest Moslems, Maronites, Armenians, Roman Catholics and Jews. It is intersected from east to west by a range of mountains, called Olympus by the ancients. The island occupies a distinguished place both in sacred and profane history, having belonged alternately to the Phoenicians, Greeks, Persians, Romans, Venetians and Turks—the latter having subdued it in 1571. It was long celebrated for the quality of its wines, but the production has now become inconsiderable. The capital of the island is Nicosia, which is located nine miles from the sea, and has a population of twelve thousand. The city is three miles in circuit, is surrounded by strong walls, and includes among its principal buildings the Seraglio or Governor's Palace, the Mosque of St. Sophia, the Palace of the Greek Archbishop, and the Church of St. Catharine. Larnaka, a city of ten thousand population, where the European consuls and the principal foreign merchants reside, and Limasol, are the chief commercial emporiums of the island. One of our illustrations shows the United States consular

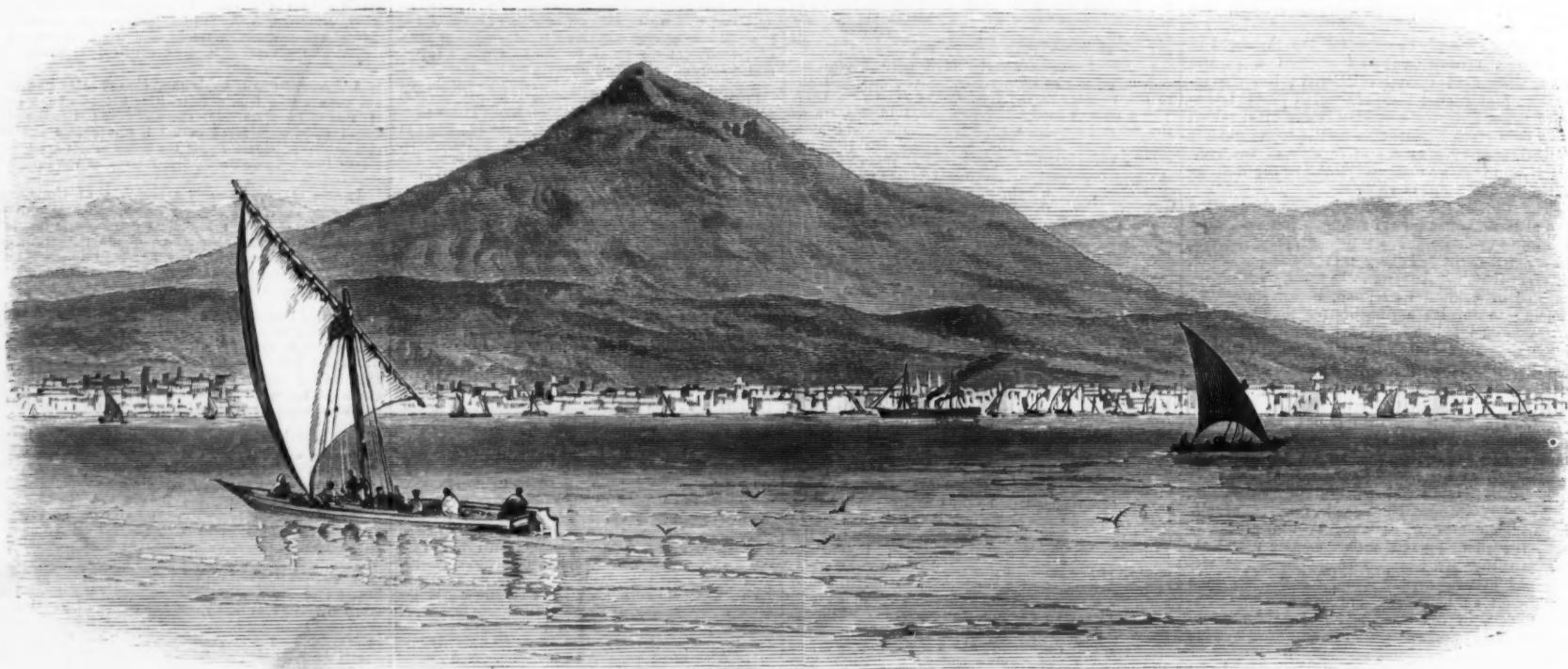


VIEW OF THE UNITED STATES CONSULATE, LARNAKA.

buildings at Larnaka. The island often suffers from drought, and locusts commit great ravages. Madder root forms the principal production, and the exportation of carob beans is rapidly growing. The annual grain crop is small, but there is a considerable growth of cotton, and colocynth is extensively cultivated. The prosperity of the island has been retarded by the oppression of the Turks; but under the régime of Great Britain its interests will no doubt be largely developed. To Americans the island has a peculiar interest, owing to the discoveries made there by General Cesnola.

The value of Cyprus to Great Britain lies in the fact that its possession will give her complete control of the Mediterranean, while the protectorate which she guarantees of the whole of Asiatic Turkey will at the same time give her control of the land communications between the Mediterranean and the Indian Ocean.

Under all the changes of administration to which it has been subject, the political importance of the island has never been denied. Its geographical situation makes it, in the hands of a maritime power, the virtual ruler of the whole of Southern Asia Minor to the north, and of Syria to the east. Any naval power owning Cyprus is also mistress of Port Said and the mouths of the Nile. Indeed, for a nation aiming at influence in Asia, the all-importance of its possession can scarcely be overestimated. There are harbors which can easily be dredged for an almost unlimited navy, and all along the coast from Cape St. Andreas to Buflia there are heights which can easily be crowned with fortifications almost as impregnable as those of Gibraltar itself. And unlike Gibraltar, with its narrow strips of fertile soil about and below the Alameda, the soil



VIEW OF LARNAKA, THE CHIEF COMMERCIAL EMPORIUM OF THE ISLAND.

CYPRUS.—SCENES IN THE NEW ISLAND POSSESSION OF GREAT BRITAIN IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.—FROM SKETCHES BY A. L. RAWSON.



NEW YORK.—GENERAL E. A. MERRITT, COLLECTOR OF THE PORT.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY N. L. STONE.

of Cyprus is prolific. Even under Turkish rule its surplus revenue was nearly \$500,000 per annum, and under a better system of taxation, certain to be brought about under British sway, it will be far more fertile than Corfu ever was. If the lines of a triangle are drawn from Batoum in the northeast and Constantinople in the southwest, they will meet in an apex at Cyprus, and thus, and from many other points, the military value of its acquisition cannot be doubted.

#### THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA AT SAN FRANCISCO.

THE Bank of California was organized as a joint stock company in 1865, with D. O. Mills as president, and William C. Ralston as cashier. It was started on a paid-up gold capital of \$2,000,000, upon which it carried on its vast operations until 1873, when the amount was raised to \$5,000,000. From its organization up to August, 1875, the bank was not only an extraordinarily prosperous con-

apprehension. The estimated liabilities were over \$14,000,000, and the value of the assets at the highest rates was put at \$8,000,000.

The excitement was renewed the day after the failure by the particulars of the suicide of Mr. Ralston; and, fearing that a general disaster was impending, the United States Treasury Department transferred by telegraph over \$1,200,000 in gold to San Francisco.

That the patrons of the institution did not permit the failure to lessen their confidence in its direction is shown by the fact that in the first fifteen months following the resumption, or from October 2d, 1875, to December 31, 1876, the business of the bank yielded a profit of \$1,250,000. An average of \$3,000,000 changes hands daily at the counter, and in times of stock excitements the amount has run as high as \$9,000,000.

The building of the Bank of California is one of the most noticeable structures in that city of colossal effects. It cost nearly \$400,000, which sum includes the price of the land on which it stands. In all of its interior arrangements it is admirably

adapted to the prompt transaction of its very extensive and important business affairs.

#### GEN. MERRITT.

GEN. E. A. MERRITT, recently appointed Collector of the Port of New York, was born in St. Lawrence County, in this State, and has for many years been identified with public affairs. In 1860 and 1861 he represented his district in the State Legislature, and subsequently became Quartermaster of the Sixtieth New York Regiment. He was next attached to the staff of Governor Fenton, as Quartermaster-General of the State. In 1869 he was appointed Naval Officer of this port, retaining the position for four months. He subsequently (in 1875) ran for State Treasurer on the Republican ticket. Last Fall he succeeded General Sharpe as Surveyor of the Port, having been nominated when Mr. Theodore Roosevelt was nominated to be Collector and Mr. L. Bradford Prince to be Naval Officer. His nomination was confirmed, while the two latter were rejected by the Senate. He has been identified with what is known as the "Fenton wing" of the Republican Party

in this State, and his present promotion has occasioned wide comment in political circles, being supposed to have a bearing upon the question of the succession to Senator Conkling.

#### COLONEL SILAS W. BURT.

COLONEL SILAS WRIGHT BURT, recently appointed Naval Officer at this port, is a native of Albany, N. Y., where he was born, April 25th, 1830. His father was the late Thomas M. Burt, who was at one time part proprietor of the Albany *Atlas* and *Argus*. Colonel Burt entered Union College, where he was a classmate of the late Collector, General C. A. Arthur, and after graduation took a special course in the Department of Civil Engineering, which profession he followed for several years. Shortly after the breaking out of the civil war, he was appointed Assistant Inspector General and Auditor of Military Accounts on the staff of Governor E. D. Morgan, being continued in



NEW YORK.—COLONEL S. W. BURT, THE NAVAL OFFICER OF THE PORT.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SABONY.

that position by both Governors Seymour and Fenton. In 1869 he was appointed deputy in the Naval Office, and the year following was made special deputy, in which position he has since had the principal business management of the Naval Office as deputy and comptroller. He is not an active politician, and is understood to favor the principles of civil service reform, having been chairman of the chief commission appointed in this city by President Grant to mature rules on that subject.

#### A SUNKEN CITY.

A N extraordinary story comes from Switzerland, which, if corroborated, will draw to the banks of Lake Leman archeologists from all parts of the world. Recently a small boat, containing an American gentleman, was capsized on the lake, just opposite the village of St. Preigs, the gentleman receiving no harm, but his valise going to the bottom. The portmanteau contained certain articles



CALIFORNIA.—THE BUSINESS OFFICE OF THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA, CORNER OF CALIFORNIA AND SAN SIMEON STREETS, SAN FRANCISCO.—FROM A SKETCH BY WALTER YEAGER.

of value, so its owner called to his aid two divers, who speedily brought *terra firma* the American's luggage, and with it a superb vase of antique make, an enormous piece of white marble, and several petifications. These were examined with interest; but this was not the most singular part of the affair. The divers recounted that when at the bottom of the lake they were conscious of treading upon a surface so unequal that several times they were nearly losing their equilibrium. From what they observed they gave it as their opinion that the inequality of the surface was due to the fact that they had been walking upon the roofs of houses, and this being communicated to the authorities at Morges and St. Preys, several of the notabilities went in a boat to the spot indicated, and caused a quantity of oil to be thrown upon the surface of the lake, which, as is well known, has the property of rendering water transparent. Gazing down into the depths below, the investigators clearly distinguished a town of apparently considerable extent in the bed of the lake—streets, detached houses, and larger buildings being distinctly visible. The town, which it is stated consists of upwards of 200 houses, has at its extremity a large square tower, which was not, properly speaking, unknown to boatmen, since, in calmer weather, its summit was visible at about ten metres below the surface of the lake, but until the recent discovery it was commonly supposed to be a rock. The Swiss authorities, anxious to investigate the subject more thoroughly, have voted a sum of money for the construction of a vast jetty, which will inclose the underwater town, and communicate with the banks of the lake. This done, nothing, we are told, will be easier than to draw off the water, and restore to the light of day a town that has been buried for an incalculable number of years.

#### The Life of the Eskimo dog.

The horrible savagery of these poor wretches can hardly be wondered at; they live in a country where there is scarcely a chance for them in any independent foraging expedition; they are half-starved by their masters, being fed chiefly on frozen walrus-hides in the Winter, and allowed to shift for themselves in the Summer when their services are not required, and are in so perennial and acute a state of hunger that they are ready at any time to eat their own harness if allowed to do so. It is generally stated that they are perfectly insensible to kindness, and only to be kept in order by a liberal application of the lash, or even of a more formidable weapon; for the Eskimo, if their dogs are refractory, do not scruple to beat them about the head with a hammer, or anything else of sufficient hardness which happens to be at hand. They will even beat the poor brutes in this horrible manner until they are actually stunned. Notwithstanding the absolute dependence of the Eskimo on their dogs, little or no care is taken of them; they receive nothing in any degree approaching pottage, and spend all their time in the open air. The chief use of the Eskimo dog is to draw the sledges, which are the only possible conveyance in that frozen land. In all the Arctic expeditions which have been sent out at various times, a good supply of sledge-dogs has been one of the greatest desiderata, as without them it would be absolutely impossible to proceed far. No other animal would answer the purpose, both horses and cattle being quite useless in journeys over ice and snow, amongst which the pack of light, active dogs, make their way with wonderful ease and safety.

#### Bird Lore.

In the Lech Valley there is a belief that the ravens never drink during June, because in that month they fed the prophet Elijah. In North Germany, Swabia, and Tyrol, a superstition prevails, that if the eggs are taken from a raven's nest, boiled, and replaced, the old raven will bring a root or stone to the nest, which he fetches from the sea. This "raven stone" is very valuable, for it confers great good fortune on its owner, and has likewise the power of rendering him invisible when worn on the arm. The stone is found in the nests of magpies as well as ravens, and, as it makes the nest itself invisible, it must be sought with the aid of a mirror. In Pomerania and Rügen the method is somewhat different. The parent birds must have attained the age of one hundred years, and the would-be possessor of the precious "stone" must climb up and kill one of the young ravens, who must be a cock bird, and not over six weeks old. Then the aggressor descends, taking careful note of the tree. The old raven immediately returns with the stone, which he puts in his son's beak, and thereupon, both tree and nest become invisible. The man however, feels for the tree, and on reaching the nest he carries off the stone in triumph. Rügen folks declare that this feat can only be accomplished by the help of the devil, and that the man's soul is the price paid for such assistance. The Swabian peasantry maintain that the young ravens are nourished solely by the dew from heaven during the first nine days of their existence. As they are naked, and of a light color, the old birds do not believe they are their progeny, and consequently neglect to feed them; but they occasionally cast a glance at the nest, and when the young ones begin to show a little black down on their breasts by the tenth day, the parents bring them the first carion.

#### The Women of India.

PROFESSOR MONKS WILLIAMS, in an article on India, says it must not be supposed that the women of India are generally unhappy; that they regard themselves as slaves; that they long for independence; that they protest against seclusion; that they hanker after knowledge. They are too feeble-minded and apathetic to be conscious of degradation, too wedded to ancient customs to repine under absence of freedom or want of education. They esteem it an honor to wait on their husbands. The necessity for privacy, and the undesirability of a woman's learning letters, are so interwoven with the whole texture of their moral being—that they have become cherished customs with the women themselves. They are more than customs; they are sacred religious obligations. So far from submitting to these restrictions from compulsion, no respectable woman would, as a rule, show herself in public, or allow herself to be taught reading and writing, or any feminine accomplishment, even if permission were accorded to her. She has no conception of any benefit to be derived from a knowledge of letters, except for the promotion of female intrigue; and she would prefer to be accused of murder than of learning to dance, sing or play on any musical instrument. She loves ornaments, but

she regards ignorance as her truest decoration. She considers herself disgraced by sterility of body, but glories in sterility of mind. Education, music and dancing are supposed to go together, and are to her badges of a life of infamy. When a sister is observed imitating a brother's first childish attempts at penmanship, she is peremptorily ordered to desist, and that, too, by the women of the household.

#### Krupp's Works at Essen.

The number of workmen is at present 8,500. The establishment occupies a surface of 400 hectares (a hectare is equal to 2.47 acres), of which 75 are covered with buildings, containing 1,648 furnaces, 298 boilers, 77 steam-hammers, 18 rolling mills, 294 steam-engines, of 2 to 1,000 horse-power, and a total of 11,000 horse-power. By fully utilizing this plant, it is possible to manufacture in 24 hours 2,700 rails, 350 wheel-tires, 150 axles of locomotives and carriages, 180 railway wheels of various models, 1,000 springs for railway, 1,500 shells, etc. In a month can be manufactured 250 field guns, 30 guns with a bore of 15 centimetres in diameter, 15 of 24 centimetres, 8 of 28 centimetres, and one of 35.5 centimetres. The mean conumption daily is about 1,800 tons of coal and coke, 15,300 cubic metres of water, 24,700 cubic metres of gas feeding 21,215 burners, of which 1,778 illuminate the streets. The communications are represented by 57 kilometres of railway, 24 locomotives, 60 kilometres of telegraph wire, 44 telegraph stations. The works include a chemical laboratory and shops for photography, lithography, printing and binding. There are two fields for gun practice—one 7,500 metres long, the other 17 kilometres. Connected with the works are 4 coal mines, 562 iron mines in Germany, and several large iron mines near Bilbao, in Spain, which furnish annually 200,000 tons of ore. For conveyance of this the firm has (besides chartered steamers) four steamers of 1,700 tons each, while a fifth of 1,000 tons is being constructed. There are 5 ironries, with 14 blast furnaces, employing 700 workmen. The number of dwellings of workmen and employees is 3,277, occupied by 16,020 persons. Ample provision is made for the amusement and instruction of this large population. Schools, churchs, reading-rooms, theatres, pleasure-gardens, are carefully provided by the proprietors. Military drill obtains in the workshops, and the men march in companies when they make the heavy castings or move the massive machinery. In this way they are not in each other's way and everything moves smoothly. Strangers are not admitted to the foundries for fear of accidents or interruptions. An admirable economy prevails in the town of Essen. Every workman is, in a sense, a partner, because outside of his wages a sum accrues and is put aside for him, according to the profit of the shop in which he works. At the end of sixteen years it would usually yield as much per week as his wages. Single men can live well at twenty-one cents a day. The Bread Company of Essen supplies bread pure to the hands at cost. A great secret of the cheapness is that there are no middlemen and no illicit or dishonest gains made on anything. This produces perfect harmony among the workmen, and there are no dangers of strikes or lock-outs. Mr. Krupp appears to have solved the great labor problem, and his works ought to be studied as the model for similar manufacturing establishments.

#### FUN.

"Did you ever dabble in stocks?" asked a lawyer of a witness who was known to have fled from his native land to this asylum of the free. "Well, yes, I got my foot in 'em once in the old country," was the reply.

An old Scotch lady had an evening party where a young man was present who was about to leave for an appointment in China. As he was exceedingly extravagant in his conversation about himself, the old lady said, when he was leaving, "Take guard of yourself, my man, when ye're awa'; for, mind ye, they eat puppies in Cheena!"

A LOVE-LETTER picked up on the street recently began, "My dearest and loveliest of angles." A young man who would call his girl an angle may be justly set down as an hypotenuse-ance. [Norristown Herald.—And deserves, when he goes to see her, to find her a Polly-gone. [Phizad Iphic Bulletin.]—Is it setting on the square to give other people's letters to the public?

AN Austin bachelor, being twitted by some ladies with his single state, and asked how it was that he had never married, said: "I don't know exactly how it is, but I have always felt an indisposition to marriage, and I can't see why it should be, either. I surely don't inherit it, for my father and mother were both married." And he actually never saw the bull he had perpetrated till his hearers burst out laughing at him.

A SMALL boy was asked by his Sunday-school teacher to give an example of earnestness. He looked bothered for a moment, but his face brightened like the dew-drop glistening on the leaves of the rose in early morning as he delivered himself of the following happy thought: "When you see a boy engaged on a mince-pie till his nose touches the middle plum and his ears drop on the outer crust, you may know he has got it."

THE pastor of a certain Methodist Church in Tennessee, Rev. J. B. Hughes, served in the Union army, and lost an eye in battle. A short time ago an enthusiastic Confederate occupied his pulpit. He spoke of the glories of heaven—how everything would be perfect there. Turning towards Hughes, he said: "Yes, Brother Hughes, there will be no one-eyed saints in glory." "That is so," said Hughes, "for there will be no rebels in heaven to shoot out their eyes."

HAVE you enjoyed our strawberry festival, boys?" "Oh! yes, sir!" "Then," asked the teacher, seeking to append a moral, "if you had slipped into my garden and picked those strawberries without my leave, would they have tasted as good as now?" Every little boy in that stained and sticky company shrieked, "No, sir!" "Why not?" "Cause," said little Thomas, with the cheerfulness of conscious virtue, "then we shouldn't have had sugar and cream with 'em."

A YOUNG and pretty girl stepped into a shop where a spruce young man, who had long been enamored but dared not speak, stood behind the counter selling drapery. In order to remain as long as possible she cheapened everything, and at last she said: "I believe you think I am cheating you." "Oh, no," said the youngster; "to me you are always fair." "Well," whispered the lady, blushing, as she laid an emphasis on the word, "I would not stay so long bargaining if you were not so dear."

A CLERGYMAN, having been inducted into a living in Kent, took occasion during his first sermon to introduce the word "optics." At the conclusion of the service a farmer who was present thanked him for his discourse, but intimated that he had made a mistake in one word, softening down the severity of the criticism by saying, "We all know very well, sir, what you meant." On the clergyman making further inquiries about the word, the farmer replied: "What you call hopsticks, in this part of the country we call hop-poles."

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THE analytical chemist, W. B. DRAKE, of Buffalo, N.Y., recently analyzed Allan's Anti-Fat, and gave the following:

##### CERTIFICATE:

"I have subjected Allan's Anti-Fat to chemical analysis, examined the process of its manufacture, and can truly say that the ingredients of which it is composed are entirely vegetable, and cannot but act favorably upon the system, and it is well calculated to attain the object for which it is intended.

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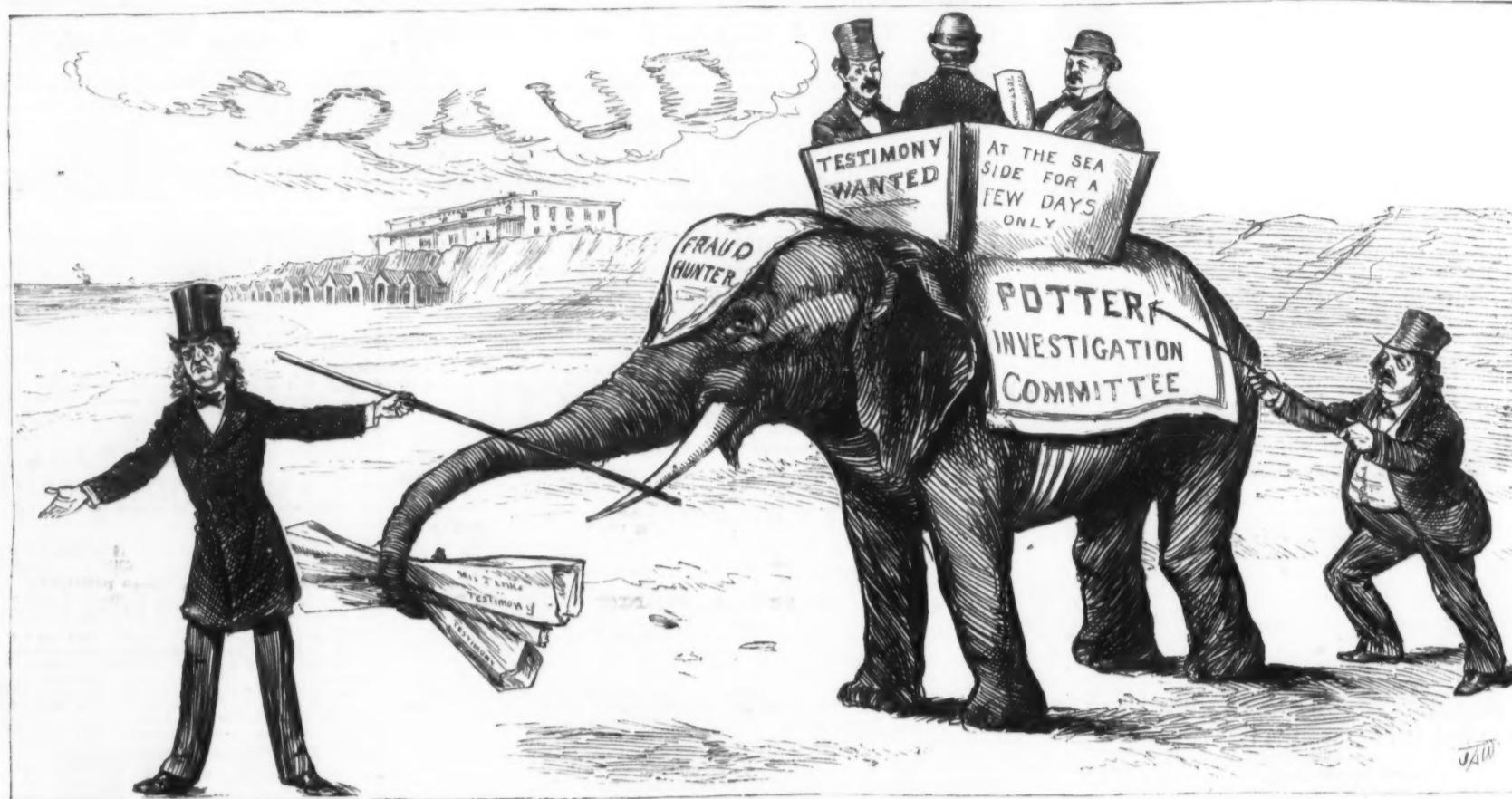
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